

JUNE

No.13

10¢

CRACK COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP



THE BLACK CONDOR



JANE ARDEN



ALIAS THE SPIDER



MOLLY THE MODEL

THE CLOCK *in*
ANOTHER
SUPER
THRILLER





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

JUST LIKE *Flying!*



THAT'S *bike-riding* WHEN YOUR BIKE
HAS A **MORROW** COASTER BRAKE

Don't envy aviators! You can fly, too — (or seem to) if your bike is equipped with the world famous Morrow Coaster Brake. You'll go zooming over hills and whizzing down straight-aways when you're coasting with a Morrow.

The Morrow Brake, you see, has 31 BIG, precision ball bearings which spin and spin in a hardened raceway—insuring absolutely free

coasting. And a huge bronze brake shoe that GRIPS the heat-treated steel hub — insures quick, easy stopping.

Be sure your bike's Morrow-equipped. It doesn't cost you a penny more—and all manufacturers use Morrow. Tell your bicycle dealer that's what you want.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
Bendix Aviation Corporation
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

The MODERN **MORROW**

WIN this CAR!

JUST SEND US A
NAME

We will give this car to you for sending us the most outstanding name for it. Can't you just imagine yourself driving it down the street? IT'S NOT A TOY—this is a real car and all you have to do to get it is to send us the best name for it. This 1941 Junior car has a 4-cycle air-cooled gasoline motor, has 16-hp, non-slip tires and a wheel base of 60 inches. It is 58 inches long and 24 inches high and can be driven from 5 to 15 miles per hour, using about only one gallon of gas for each 10 miles.

Send in the name you think fits this car. Names like "Flash- ing Arrow," "Speed King," and "Wonder Racer" are suitable but you can think of a much better one. Remember, the car is just like the one shown in the picture above. It is a 1941, snap-together racer with a REAL MOTOR and it will be given to the boy or girl who sends in the best name for it. Send your car name TODAY!

**Mail Your
Name Today**



\$100.00
IN ADDITIONAL
CASH PRIZES

25 Prizes for Boys and Girls

In addition to the car, we are also going to give 24 other big cash prizes to the boys and girls sending in the next best names. The car itself is First Prize; Second Prize will be \$20.00; Third Prize will be \$15.00; Fourth Prize will be \$10.00; Fifth Prize will be \$5.00; and the next 20 prizes will be \$2.50 each. Duplicate prizes will be paid to the event of ties. This offer is open to everyone living in the United States with the exception of those who have won major cash prizes from us since January 1, 1936. You should

send in just one name for the car and your entry must be mailed before May 24, 1941.

IT'S EASY TO WIN

Think of all the fun you would have driving a REAL CAR like this. You would be more popular than ever with a streamliner racer and even running errands would be fun. It pays to be prompt, so send us your name for the car RIGHT AWAY! The name you have in mind now may win a prize. Just write your name for the car on a penny post card, sign your own name and address and mail it to:

JUNIOR AUTO CLUB, 62 Copper Building, Topeka, Kansas

THE BLACK CONDOR

By
LOUIS K. FINE



HENRY FOSTER WAS THE YOUNG TOM WRIGHT'S FATHER, AND HIS DEATH HAS BEEN KEPT FROM HIM... HIS PLACE HAS BEEN CLEVERLY TAKEN BY THE BLACK CONDOR WHO NOW PLAYS A DUAL ROLE... THE ONLY PERSON ACQUAINTED WITH THIS FACT IS HER FATHER, DR. FOSTER...

SOME TIME HAS PASSED SINCE THE DEATH OF THE ESTEEMED YOUNG SENATOR TOM WRIGHT COVERED BY THE MIGHTY POLITICAL BOSS JASPAR CROW, WRIGHT FINALLY REBELLED... HE WAS THEN TAKEN FOR A "RIDE" AND MURDERED...



"DO AS I SAY, WRIGHT!"



A SOARING RELENTLESS FIGHTER OF WRONGS WITH A FERCE SENSE OF JUSTICE, IS THE BLACK CONDOR... AS FREE AS THE BIRDS IN THE AIR... WITH AN EAGLE'S DIRECTIONAL INSTINCT... HE HAD HIS BEGINNING IN THE WASTES OF MONGOLIA... THE ONLY SON OF AN EXPLORED, HE SURVIVED HIS PARENTS' MASSACRE BY SAVANTS... THEN REARED UP BY A CONDOR HE WAS CARRIED TO A LOFTY PEAK AND TAUGHT HOW TO FLY...

WHAT A BLESSING THAT A MAN LIKE THE CONDOR SITS INTO THE PERSON OF TOM WRIGHT... WRIGHT WAS SCARED SUCH GREAT MY DARLING WILL NEVER KNOW....



THE BLACK CONDOR

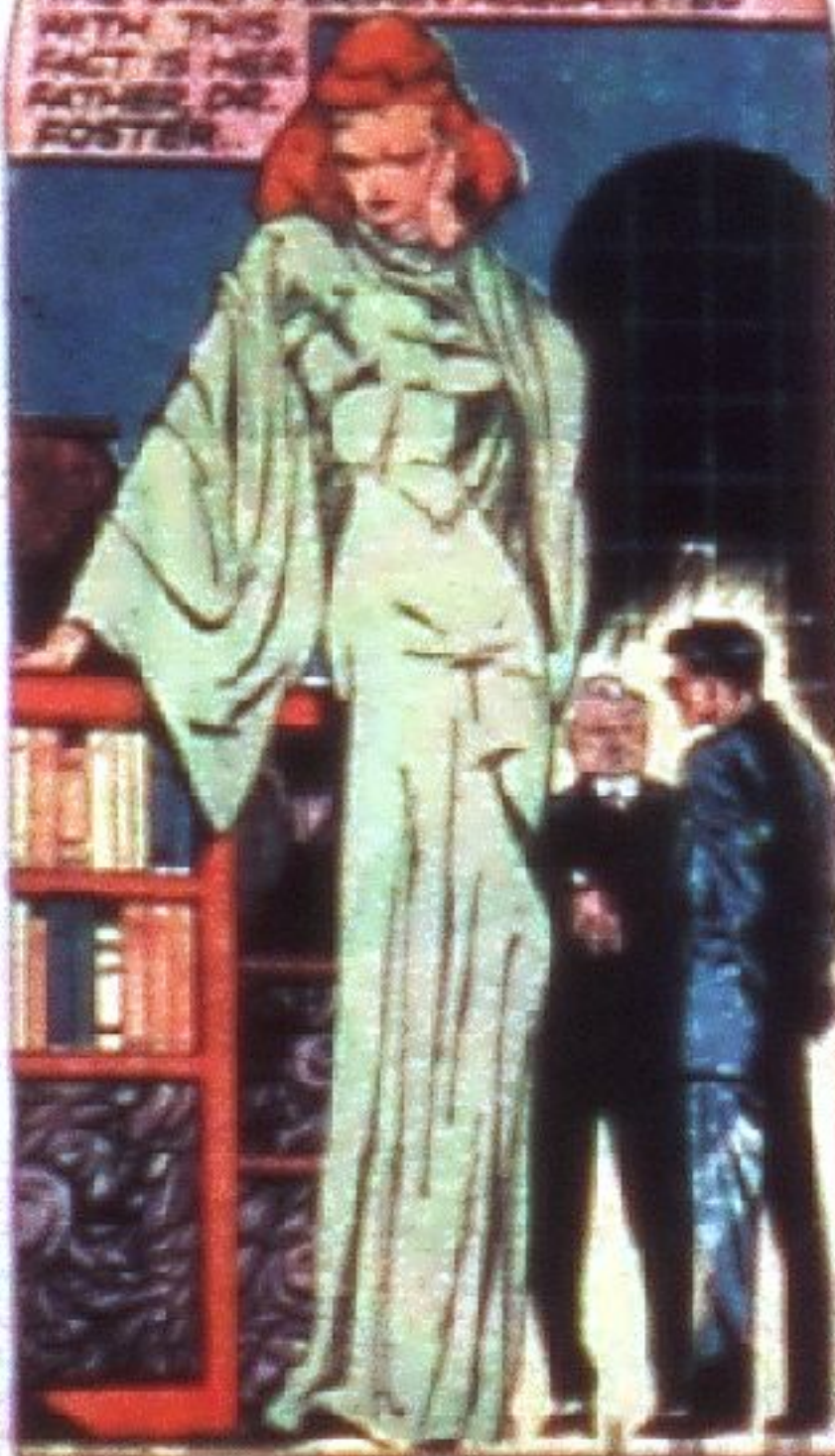
By
LOUIS K. FINE



A SOARING, RELENTLESS FIGHTER OF WRONGS WITH A FERCE SENSE OF JUSTICE IS THE BLACK CONDOR... AS FREE AS THE BIRD IN THE AIR... WITH AN EAGLE'S DIRECTIONAL INSTINCT... HE HAS HIS BEGINNING IN THE WASTES OF MONGOLIA THE BABY SON OF AN ENGLANDER HE SURVIVED HIS PARENTS' MURDER BY BANDITS... THEN FOOSTED UP BY A CONDOR HE WAS CARRIED TO A LOST PEAK AND TAUGHT HOW TO FLY...

WENDY FOSTER HAS THE SLAIN TOM WRIGHT'S FIANCÉE, AND HIS DEATH HAS BEEN KEPT FROM HER. HIS PLACE HAS BEEN CLEVERLY TAKEN BY THE BLACK CONDOR WHO NOW PLAYS A DUAL ROLE... THE ONLY PERSON ACQUAINTED WITH THIS FACT IS HER FATHER, DR. FOSTER.

SOME TIME HAS PASSED SINCE THE DEATH OF THE ESTEEMED YOUNG SENATOR TOM WRIGHT. COMED BY THE MIGHTY POLITICAL BOSS JASPAR CROW, WRIGHT FINALLY REBELLED. HE WAS THEN TAKEN FOR A "RIDE" AND MURDERED.



WHAT A BLESSING THAT A MAN LIKE THE CONDOR FITS INTO THE PERSON OF TOM WRIGHT... WENDY WAS SPARED SUCH GRIEF. MY DARLING WILL NEVER KNOW...



IN GODS COMBINATION, AN OVEN GATE OFFERS NO RESISTANCE TO AN OTHERWISE HEAVILY ARMORED AND SECURED HOUSE. THROUGH THIS STRANGE ENTRANCE SLIDES A SLIPPERY CAR. IN IT ARE AN ARMY MAJOR, TOM HIGHT, A GENERAL, AND THEIR CHAUFFEUR...



IN MOST MINDS ABOUT THIS INVENTION OF HIS... HMM, A BOMB THAT CAN BE SET OFF AT ANY TIME BY REMOTE CONTROL...



THE HOME IS THAT OF CAEL STRICK, AN INVENTOR.

W-WHAT'S THIS? THE DOOR'S OPEN! TOO... I HAVE A FEELING OF... SAME FEELING. GENERAL KORN!



A MILITARY INVENTOR HAS HIS DOOR OPEN? PLUHHY... UGH!! WHAT'S THIS? LOOK!



IT'S HIM!! STARK! STRANGLER! THIS ANSWERS EVERYTHING!



W-WHAT?

GENERAL, I THINK I'LL TAKE A QUICK LOOK AROUND THE PLACE...



RIGHT, TOM.

AS SENATOR TOM HIGHT, IS EXPLORING THE YARD...



WHO'S THAT... AN OLD TRAMP, HARMLESS TOO, I SUSSE... OH WELL...

PARDON ME... SORRY TO FRIGHTEN YOU... KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS HOUSE? ABOUT COMING SACKING HERE MUCH?



DOESN'T EVEN ANSWER DOOR OR FELLA JUST A BLANK...



OH TOM! COME ALONG, WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING HERE. POLICE WILL TAKE CHARGE WHEN THEY ARRIVE...



OKAY...





WHY, IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!! AND THE TALLEST BUILDING ABOUT TEN' OR THERE... OH-HH...

QUICK, DOCTOR... WE'LL LEAVE THE CAR HERE AND GET TO THAT NEAREST ONE!



AS WRIGHT AND DOCTOR EOSTER REACH THE SLAVE, TOM IS SOON ATTRACTED TO A GAMBLING HOUSE... HE EDGES TOWARD IT...



THAT'S BUNNY, HE HURRIED TO ANSWER ME. GONE!! I'VE A FEELING THAT I MUST FIND THAT BIRD. HE AND DISASTER SEEM MUCH TOO FRIENDLY!



LATER, A DECENT EXCUSE STANDS BEFORE WRIGHT'S ANGER...

THIS OUTFIT SHOULD GIVE ME THE PASS-KEY TO HIS HAUNTS...



THE DISGUISED SENATOR NOW BLOUCHES AMONG CROWDED BYWAYS OF THE SLAVE... THEN, HE SHAPS UP SHARPLY... HIS GAZE FREEZES HIM TO THE SPOT

YOU!!-IT'S YOU!



STC - I SAID - OR ALL....



TOM WRIGHT'S GUNNRY SMASHES INTO A MUSTY CELLAR... AFTER A PULSE, TOM FOLLOWS.....

WHAT A HOLE!!



POWERFUL FIGHTER'S LUNGE FROM THE SLAVE... THE ODDS ARE AGAINST HIM



EDGING NOW WITH HIS SEAL RUBY OF THE BLACK CONDOR WRIGHT YET CANNOT FREE HIMSELF FROM THE BRUING HOOD...

THE UNFINISHED BUT BELLANT BATTLE IS ABANDONED WHEN TOM IS DISCOVERED WITH A CLUE FROM BEHIND...



WHY! DAT GUY AINT HUMAN!

C'MON! C'MON! GET 'IM OUT T' THE OLD HOUSE!



A HALF HOUR LATER FINDS THE STUNNED WIZARD HIGHT A HELPLESS CAPTIVE IN AN OLD SHACK OUTSIDE THE CITY...



I THINK HET A C.B. DICK, BOSS - AN A BAD ACTER!

S. SAVING. LOOKA THIS. HE SHMIT UNDER THERE? WHY? I THINK DIS GUYS DA BLACK CONDOR!!



BLACK COAR MY WE'LL SEE! RIP OFF HIS DUES! YOU GUYS DON'T PICK OUTLADS, I'LL SAY...



SO? THE GREAT CONDOR JUST WALKED INTO HIS LAST TUGH SPOT?



THEN THE OLD WIZARD RIPS OFF WHAT REMAINS TO BE A DISGUISE. HE BECOMES REVEALED TO THE CONDOR AS AN EVIL, GRIMACING, ROLLING MILLER, HATED BY THE POLICE



I WONDER JUST HOW MUCH YOU KNOW, CONDOR....

I KNOW THAT MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT STAGE AND THE BOMBING WERENT FAR WRONG.



THE LEADER NOW OULES THE CONDOR FROM EYES THAT SEEM STRANGELY FAMILAR...



STRING THAT GOOSE UP T' THE RAFTERS!





AND HERE'S SOME CHOICE
NEWS FOR YOU, BLACK
CONDOR... BEFORE
YOU DIE...



WE'LL... WE
GONE TO BLOW
UP THE UNITED
STATES SENATE!

HMF... I'LL
TELL
ONE!



BY KNOCKING CON-
TROLS... AND PLANTED
BOMBS MY COLORED
SCOUTS REMEMBER
THE BUILDINGS



BUT THIS
DYNAMITE WILL
BE A LITTLE
DELICATE... AND
FOR YOU!



THE LEADER
CANDLE
BOMBS THAT
SPILT TEARS
RAGE...



HA... HA... HE'LL
SOON BE FLYING...
AND HE WON'T
NEED HIS WINGS!



THEY'RE GONE... I'LL
ADMIT THAT THEY
HAVEN'T LET ME
IN A BID OF ROBES...
THAT CANDLE... IF I...



ONLY GET
IT UP AND
BLIND
THESE
BOYS....



UGH... THIS
TRICK WOULD
EVEN BE GOOD
ON THE STAGE!



DYNAMITE
AND FANCY
STUNTS DON'T
MIX, SO I'LL...



THE CONDOR BARELY LEAPS FROM A WINDOW AS A BOMBING BLAST SHATTERS THE OLD HOUSE.



I LIKE TO FLY BUT IT WAS TOO SOON TO BECOME AN ANGEL.



HA! LET'S SEE WHAT'S LEFT OF TH JOINT!

THE SLIGHTING THINGS NOW CAUTIOUSLY RETURN TO THE SHADOWING BIRDS...



BUT THEY DON'T SEE AN OBJECT IN THE SKY BEHIND THEM!



LIKE A DRIFTING FALCON, THE BLACK CONDOR DIVES FOR HIS PREY....



GREETINGS, BATES! CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT?



LET'S SEE YOU BOUNCE WHEN YOU HIT MOTHER EARTH!



OLDY HEARNS THE OLD BARKS-HIS DISCOVERY THE YOUNG THUS COMING REVEREND AT THE GRAY CONDOR'S APPROACH.

CHERCH! IT'S HIM AGAIN... ALIVE... WO'LL I...?



I ONLY MISS GUNS AND BLOOD!



COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE! I'VE A DATE WITH YOUR UGLY BOYS TOO!

WHILE AT THE CAPITAL... THE SENATE DEBATES AN IMPORTANT BILL...



A BREAKING ADDRESS A TENSE CROWNED CHANGES...



AND IN A DINY NEARBY ALLEY THE GANG LEADER SPEAKS INTO A MOUTHPIECE...



THE VOICE RESOUNDS IN THE SENATE...



HAVE YOUR MISERY IS SO ENJOYABLE... I HESITATE TO DESTROY YOU SO EASILY...



BUT TOGETHER ALONG WITH HIS CAPTIVE, IS THE CONDO...



AND UNWISDOM OF A MISPLACED, ADDRESSING SHADOW, THE LEADER ABOUT TO FEELS THE BOMBS CONTROL...



STORY: YOU HAVE A SMALL BOMB IN YOUR OWN ROCKET!! YOU'VE GOT TOO. YOUR SHARKS INTENDED TO KNOCK YOU OFF!



BEFORE KORN CAN FLEE, THE CONDOR CATAPULTS HIM INTO THE AIR...



LET MENNY DE FOSTER, AND THE NOW STUPID SENATOR TOM WRIGHT DISCUSS THE CASE...

HMM. KORN SAYS HE WAS THE REAL INVENTOR OF THE BOMB CONTROL. HE ONLY LET STARK TRY TO SELL IT TO THE GOVERNMENT AND THEN...



YEAH, I KNOW BUT YOU DON'T ED HE GENERAL KORN? YOU GOT ALL GUYS TO BE BEHIND THIS!



YOUR REFLUXES ARE SLOW!



WHEN STARK FAILED, HE KILLED HIM. THEN TRIED TO KILL THE SENATORS WHO REJECTED IT!



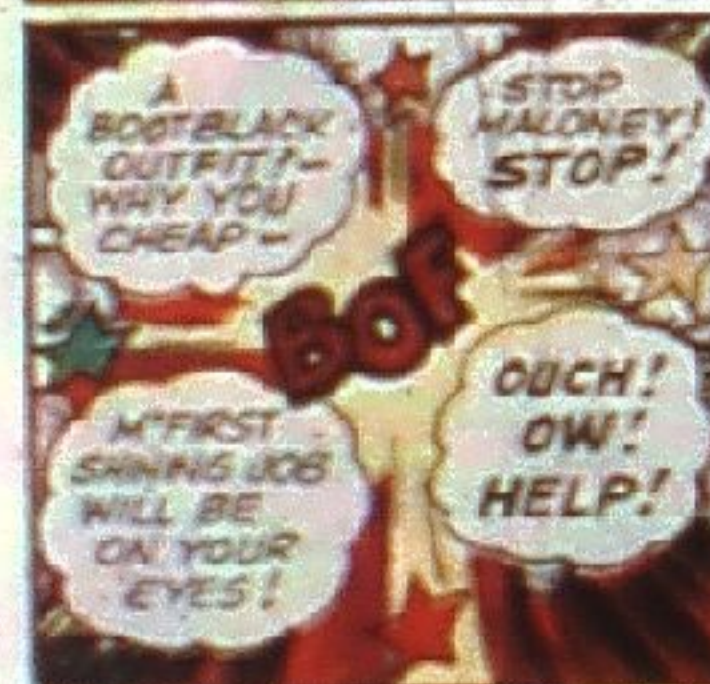
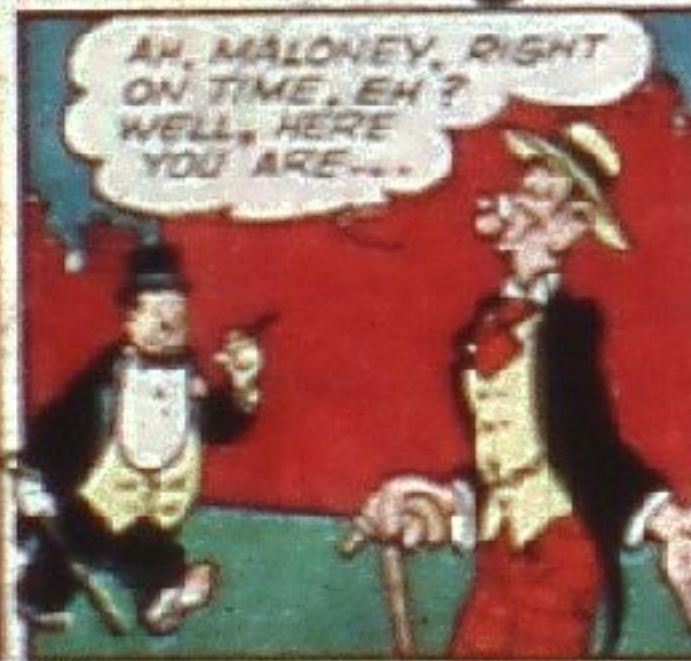
NOW, DEAR...DON'T BE TOO TAKEN UP BY THAT CONDOR FELLOW. ASIDE FROM FLYING, HE MAY NOT BE SO DIFFERENT FROM EVEN POOR ME!



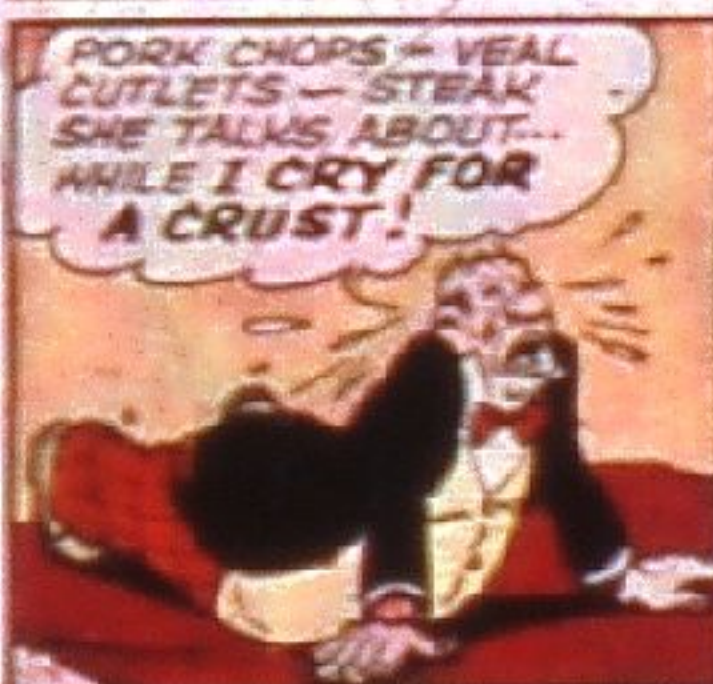
Molly THE Model

ITCHY SMITTY

MULE EARS MALONEY



MOLLY the MODEL



More of Molly The Model in the July issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale May 9th.

TOR

THE MAGIC MASTER



IN REAL LIFE TOR IS JIM SLADE, A PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER. HE IS BEING SENT TO ALASKA TO COVER THE DEFENSE ACTIVITIES IN THIS REMOTE NORTHERN FRONTIER OF THE UNITED STATES.

AT THE TESTING RANGE ON KODIAK FIELD, THE ARMY TESTS A NEW MACHINE GUN.

IT'S ACCURATE UP TO THREE MILES WITH INCENDIARY BULLETS!



THE NEW GUN IS TAKEN TO SAFE QUARTERS.



ON A LITTLE HILLTOP SOME DISTANCE AWAY.

I CAN SEE THE MACHINE GUN FROM HERE. IT'S STORED IN THE MAIN BUILDING.

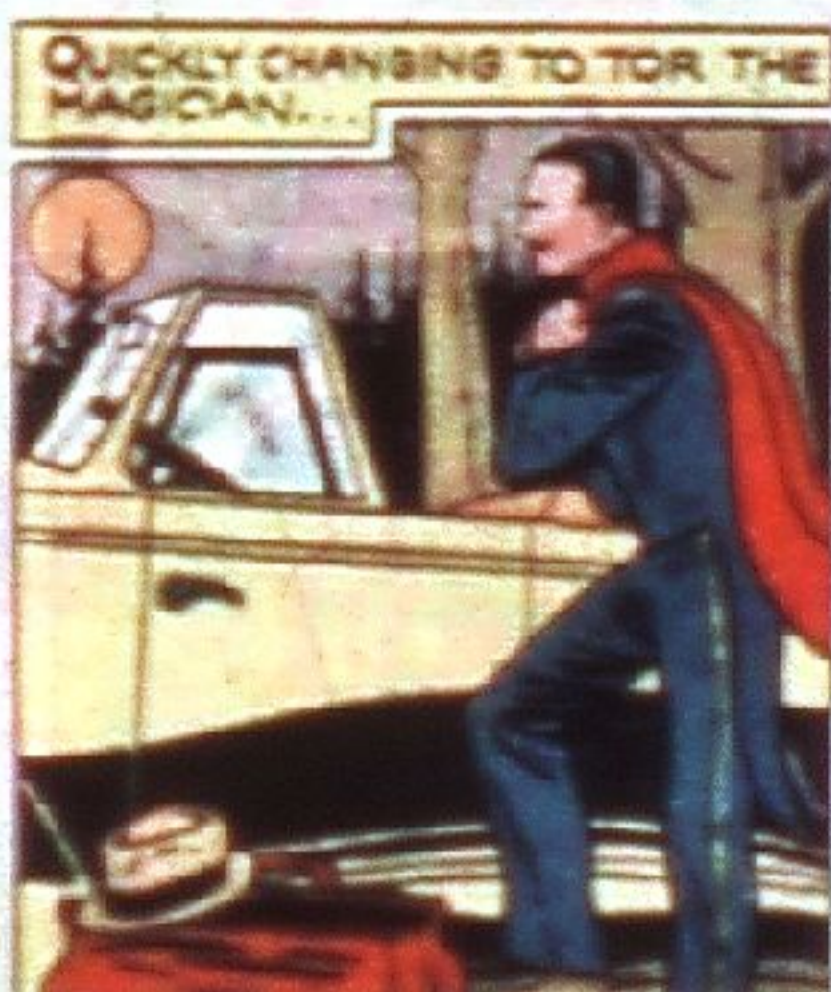


THAT NIGHT, IN THE ARMY POST.

HURRY UP, NIZNY!

OUR GOVERNMENT PAY PLENTY MONEY FOR THIS, KRENKO!





ONLY A SECOND LATER.....



I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS -



TOR WANDERS ABOUT THE DOCK SECTION OF NOME.

THE GOVERNMENT'S WORRIED ABOUT THAT GUN - SOUNDS LIKE THE WORK OF KRENKO, THE FOREIGN AGENT!



THAT LOOKS LIKE KRENKO HIMSELF. I'LL FOLLOW HIM!



FOLLOWING CLOSELY TOR FINDS THE HIDEOUT.

I'LL SNAP A QUICK PICTURE WITH MY MINIATURE!



STEP BY STEP TOR APPROACHES THE PLOTTERS!

WONDER HOW THEY INTEND TO GET AWAY WITH THAT GUN?



HERE GOES THE LIGHT!



UNDER TOR'S MAGICAL IMPULSE THE LIGHT GOES OUT.

WE'RE ATTACKED! BEAT IT!

TAKE THE GUN ALONG!



THE AGENTS ESCAPE THROUGH A REAR CELLAR DOOR.

HURRY - WE GOT TO GET AWAY IN KRENKO'S SUBMARINE!

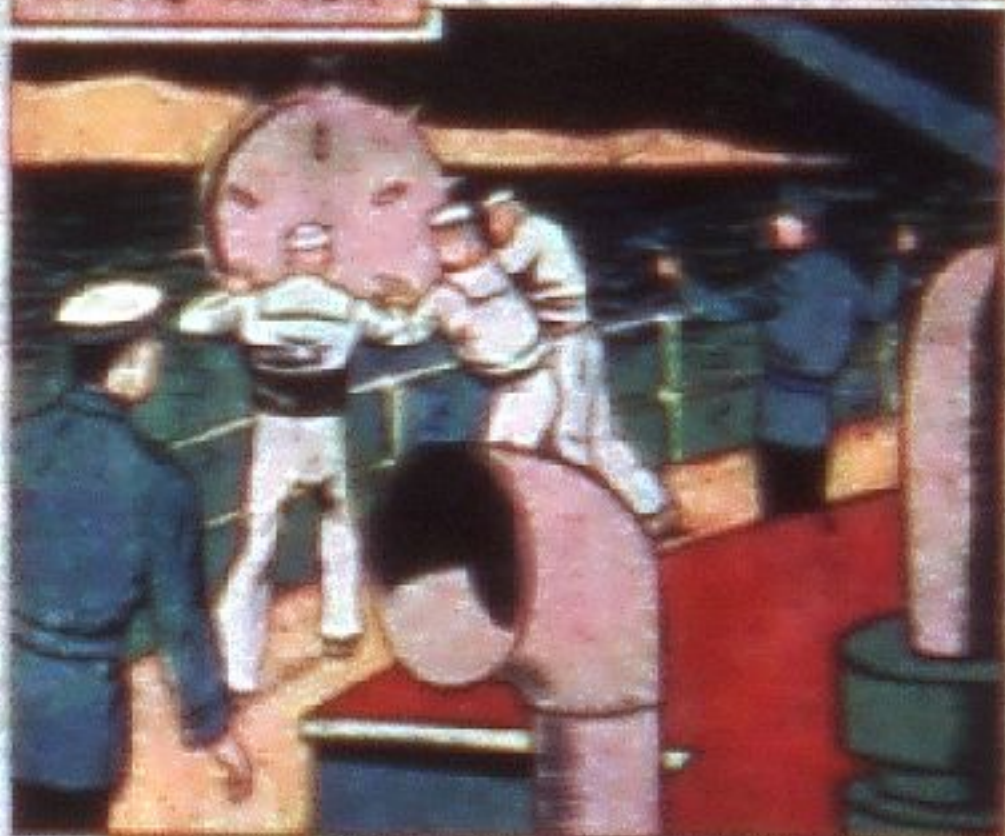


TOR QUICKLY CALLS
THE ARMY POST, GIVING
HIS NAME AS 'SLADE,
NEWSPAPERMAN—

I'LL LOCATE THEIR SUBMARINE
AND GET BACK THE GUN WHILE
YOU TAKE
CARE OF
PLANTING
THE MINES—

RIGHT—I'LL HAVE THEM
PLANTED IN THE HAR-
BOR. AT ONCE, THEIR
SUB WON'T GET
FAR!

AT THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOR, A UNITED
STATES DESTROYER HURRIEDLY LAYS MINES
IN THE WATER.



WHILE UNDERNEATH A NEARBY
BULKHEAD—

HURRY UP, BOYS!
WE GOT TO GET
AWAY!



THERE IT IS / KRENKO'S
SUB LOADING ON THE
GUN!



TOR JUMPS!



USING ONE OF HIS BEST
TRICKS, TOR WALKS ON TOP
OF THE WATER TO THE
SUBMARINE.



AND CLIMBS ABOARD.

NOW TO SMASH
THAT HOISTING
MACHINE!



AT TOR'S GESTURE THE HOIST
BREAKS—TOPPLING THE
GUN INTO THE WATER!



AS THE INFURIATED MEN RUSH
WINTOR SNAPS A PICTURE...



TOR DISAPPEARS BENEATH THE
WAVES AS THEY APPROACH...



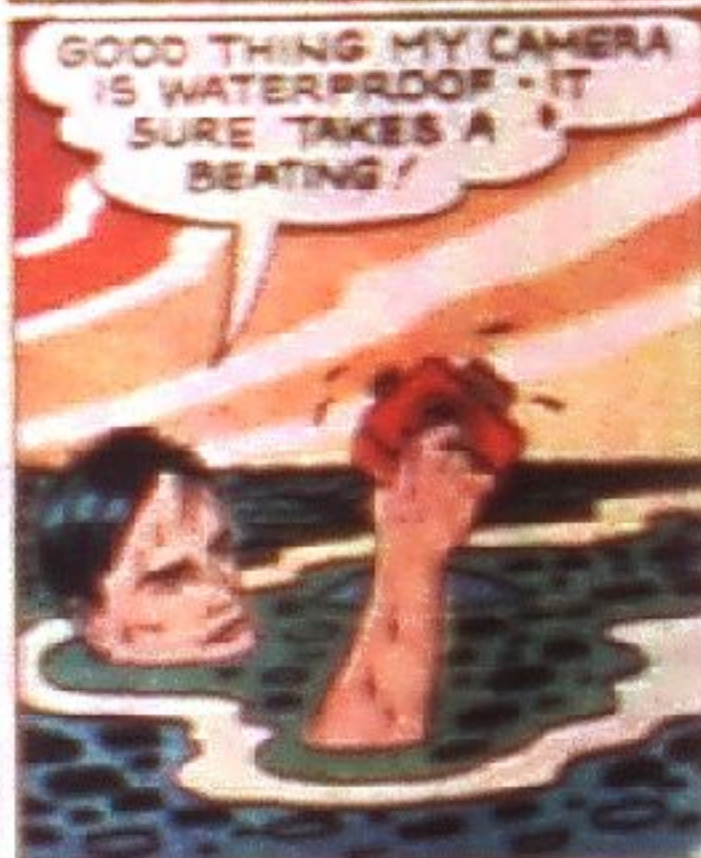
COME ON - WE'VE
GOT TO GET OUT OF
HERE. THE COAST
GUARD'LL BE AFTER
US!



THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AS THE ESCAPING SUB-
MARINE STRIKES ONE OF THE MINES!



TOR EMERGES FROM THE
WATER AS JIM SLADE!



THEY HAVEN'T GOT
THE GUN - IT'S
UNDER THE DOCK
WHERE YOU CAN
EASILY PULL IT UP
WITH A GRAPPLE!

GOOD WORK
SLADE.
WASHINGTON
WILL HEAR
OF THIS!



DOWN ACROSS NORTH-
WESTERN CANADA
FLIES JIM, WITH HIS
PICTURE STORY OF
THE ATTEMPTED THEFT.



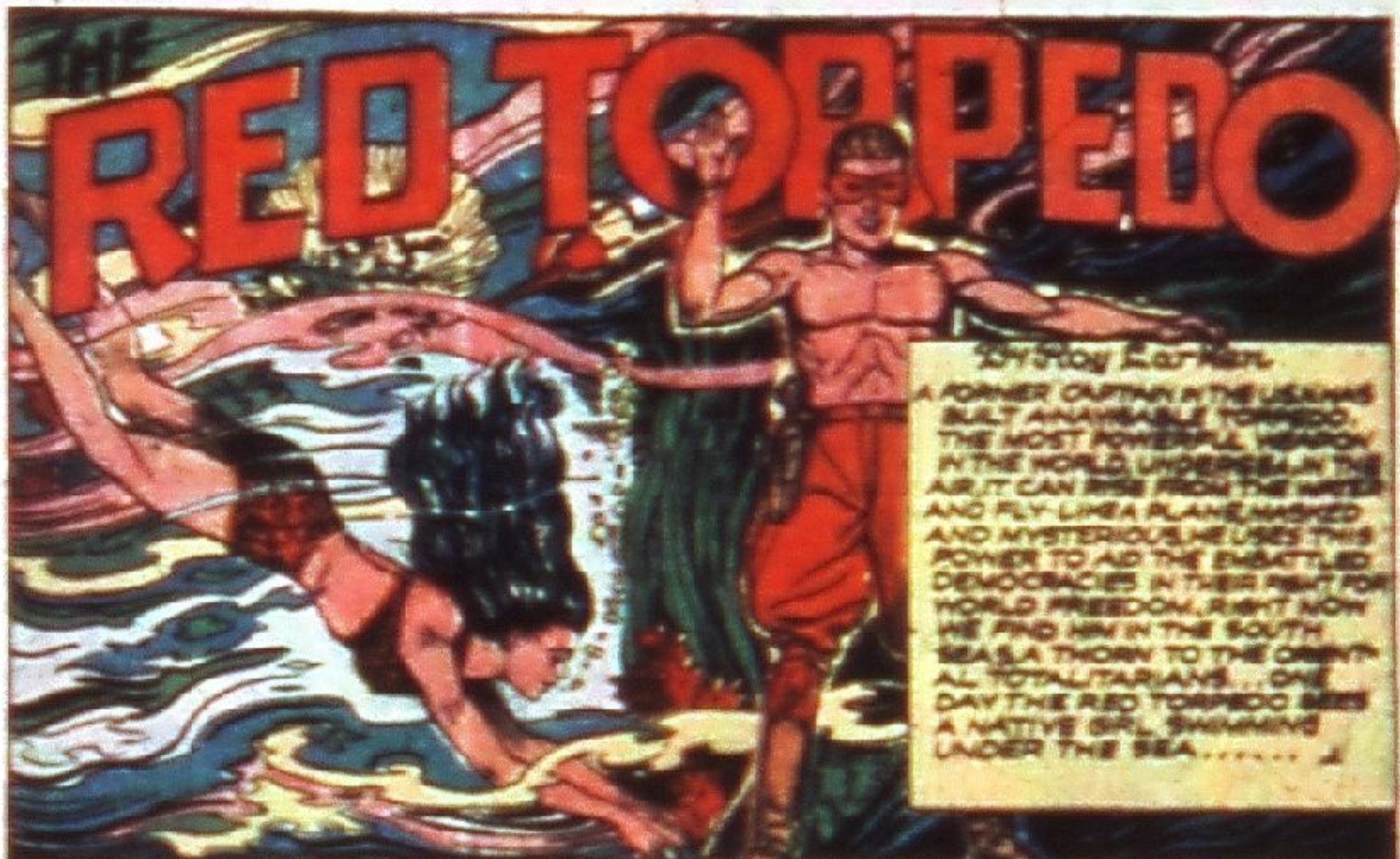
AND MAKES THE FIRST EDITION.

SWELL PICTURES, JIM! BUT
TELL ME... YOU HAD
GOTTEN ON THE SUB -
HOW DID Y - OH!
THAT DARN PHONE
AGAIN!

BLESS
YOU,
PHONE!



Tor, Magic Master, will amaze you in the July issue of CRACK COMICS.



SPY STORY **Red Torpedo**
 A FORMER CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. NAVY HAS BUILT AN UNBATTABLE TORPEDO. THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN THE WORLD UNDERSEA IN THE AIR IT CAN RISE FROM THE WATER AND FLY LIKE A PLANE. DASHED AND MYSTERIOUS HE USES THIS POWER TO AID THE ENBATTLED DEMOCRACIES IN THEIR FIGHT FOR WORLD FREEDOM. RIGHT NOW HE FINDS HIM IN THE SOUTH SEA A THORN TO THE ORIENTAL TOTALITARIANS... ONE DAY THE RED TORPEDO SEES A NATIVE GIRL SWIMMING UNDER THE SEA.....



THE GIRL SWIMS TO HIS CRAFT AND POINTS UPWARD



CAPTAIN, FOLLOW ME TO THAT LITTLE COVE!



THE GIRL GUIDES HIM TO AN OBSCURE LAGOON WHERE HIS CRAFT IS SAFELY HIDDEN



GREAT GUNS LEAD ME TO THEM!

IN A SECRET CAVE A DEAL
IS UNDER WAY...



WHILE THEIR PROPOSED
VICTIM HEARS THEIR PLAN.



BUT SHE SHIELDS THE
MEN UNKNOWINGLY FROM
HIS GUN.



AND A LITTLE BOXING



BUT THE SHARK HASN'T WAITED.



HE TAKES HIS CAPTIVE TO HIS SUBMARINE, FROM WHICH HE GETS HIS NAME...



ON THE ISLAND HE SETS A TRAP



TO KILL THE RED TORPEDO



UNAWARE OF THE DANGER, HE FINDS THE NOTE...



SEE WHEN THE RED TORPEDO PULLS DOWN THE BRANCH TO GET THE NOTE.



RIGHT OVER MY HEAD, SHARK. YOU'RE OFF YOUR FORM, ME LADY!

HASTILY THE RED TORPEDO RETURNS TO HIS CRAFT...



OH! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!



QUICK, WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE!

THEY RETURN TO THE CRAFT AND SEE THE ENEMY...



I'LL FINISH THE SUB FIRST!

THE RED TORPEDO DESTROYS SHARK'S U-BOAT...



AND ZOOMS INTO THE AIR SHOWING THE MOSQUITO BOAT WITH BOMBS...



IT'S AS GOOD AS NEW!



HERE GOES \$1000 TO THE RED CROSS!

LATER

SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

by Ralph Johns



Enjoy the hilarious adventures of Slap Happy Pappy in the July issue of CRACK COMICS.

WIZARD WELLS

ACCIDENTALLY ENTERING THE FIELD OF CRIMINOLOGY, WELLS' COURAGE AND KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE HAVE BROUGHT HIM SUCCESS, AND NOW MOST OF HIS TIME IS DEVOTED TO SOLVING CRIMINAL CASES.

Miracle Man of Science

THE SALT OF DOOM

by *Robert Fawcett Campbell*

WONDER WHAT THIS HIGH-POTENCY RADIO-ACTIVE SALT WILL DO! PLENTY, I GUESS!



I'VE BEEN BOMBARDING THIS SALT FOR 24 HOURS IN THE CYCLATRON. I WONDER WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN I SWALLOW SOME, TUG?

YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL, WIZ!



BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT

IF I CAN REACH MR. WELLS BEFORE THEY CATCH ME! HE LIVES HERE!



THOSE HORRIBLE, AWFUL MEN!



WHO - WHAT?

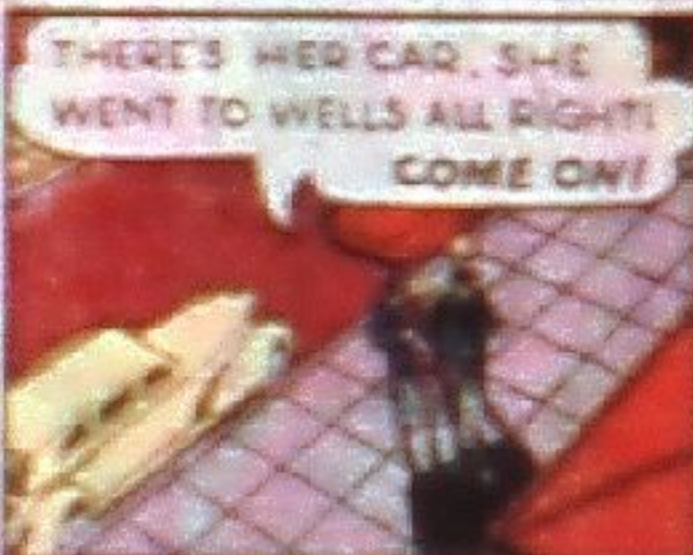
MR. WELLS, I'M JONAS ADAMS' DAUGHTER, ELAINE! YOU MUST HELP ME!

GLADY, MISS ADAMS, WHAT IS THE TROUBLE?



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE WELLS' APARTMENT HOUSE.

THERE'S HER CAR. SHE WENT TO WELLS ALL RIGHT! COME ON!



BACK IN THE LABORATORY.

IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENED, FATHER SAID TO COME TO YOU.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED?



FATHER HAS BEEN MURDERED!

WHAT?



YES! BY SOME FOREIGN AGENTS!

BUT WHY?





AND SWALLOWS A HEAVY
DOSE OF RADIO-ACTIVE
SALT

THIS ALSO MAY COME IN
HANDY!

WE GIVE YOU 15 MINUTES,
AFTER THAT, WE TAKE
THIS LABORATORY TO
PIECES AND FIND THEM!

SO THERE YOU
ARE! AND WELLS!

15 MINUTES LATER

COME ON! SHOOT THEM AND
SEARCH THE PLACE!

NO, DON'T!
I'LL
GET THEM
FOR YOU!

COME ON, GIVE US THE
PLANS!

WHAT PLANS?

NEVER!

YOU-YOU - COWARD! AND TO
THINK DADDY TRUSTED
YOU!

I'M A SCIENTIST,
NOT A HERO,
MISS ADAMS.

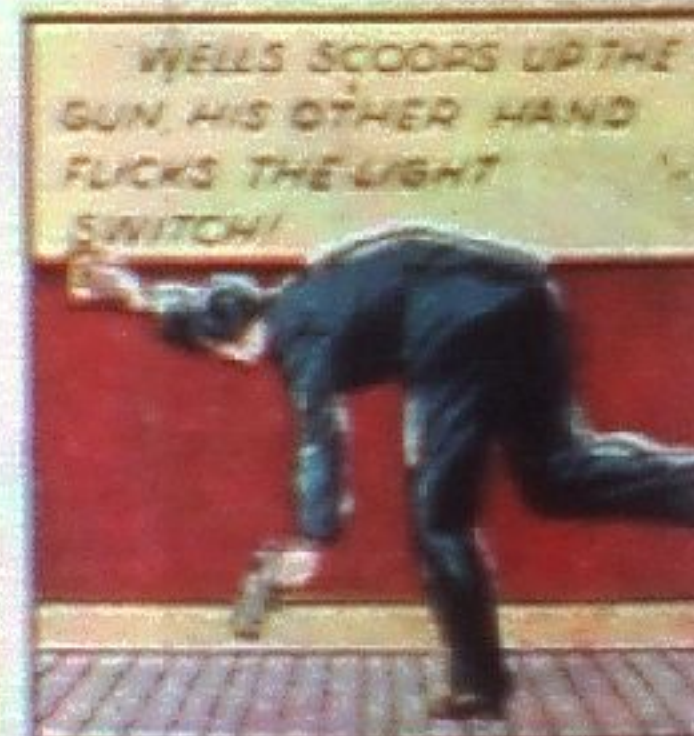
THEY'RE IN THE CYCLATRON,
WAIT UNTIL I PUT ON
THESE RUBBER GLOVES AND
TURN IT OFF!

WELLS TURNS OFF THE
CYCLATRON -

- REMOVES THE PLANS -

HERE THEY
ARE!

AND DROPS THEM ON THE
LABORATORY TABLE



AS WELLS' EYES BECOME ADJUSTED TO DARKNESS, HE SEES ACROSS THE ROOM, A GLOWING, LUMINOUS SPOT.



WELLS' GUN BARKS ONCE—



AND ACROSS THE ROOM —



USH! USH!

AS WELLS TURNS ON THE LIGHTS.

ONE DEAD, AND TWO UNCONSCIOUS!



WIZ! THAT SHOOTING— YOU ALL RIGHT?



WIZ! I'M SO ASHAMED FOR DOUBTING YOU!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT.

I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

MISS ADAMS— PLEASE —



OH!

TUG! COME HERE AND CARRY HER TO A COUCH!



GETTIN' WEAK, WIZ? WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?

BECAUSE IT'S DANGEROUS!



LOOK, I'M SO FULL OF ELECTRICITY FROM THAT RADIO-ACTIVE SALT!

WOW!



THE CYCLATRON SURELY SAVED THE DAY, WHAT WITH ITS MAKING THE PLANS A LUMINOUS TARGET AND ENABLING ME TO PARALYZE 2 OF THOSE FIENDS WITH AN ELECTRIC SHOCK!



JANE ARDEN

JESSEL GOES TO MEET JANE, BELIEVING SHE IS READY TO SELL THE SECRET RADIO PLANE PLANS.

"YES, ERIC, I'LL PAY THE PRICE THAT JESSEL ASKS, BUT I'LL TAKE THE MONEY BACK LATER!"

"I'LL WAIT HERE, JESSEL, I SUPPOSE TO BE HER FRIEND!"

"SHE'S BRINGING THE FIRST PAGE OF THE PLANS."

"THIRTY MINUTES LATE. WHAT CAN BE KEEPING HER?"

"NOW WHILE JESSEL IS WAITING FOR ME, I'LL RUSH TO HIS APARTMENT!"

"SURELY THERE WILL BE SOME CLUE HERE THAT WILL LEAD ME TO THE SPY GUY CALLED 'THE DOCTOR'."

"WHAT'S THAT, JESSEL? SHE HAIN'T SHOWN UP!"

"HAVE ERIC CHECK JANE'S APARTMENT, THEN RETURN TO HERE!"

"IT'S ROBBERK! THE BUILDING MANAGER! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!"

"AH, MISS ARDEN! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

"LENA, I NEVER YAR SEEN SUCH EVERY BUSINESS BODY'S BUYIN' HERE NOW!"

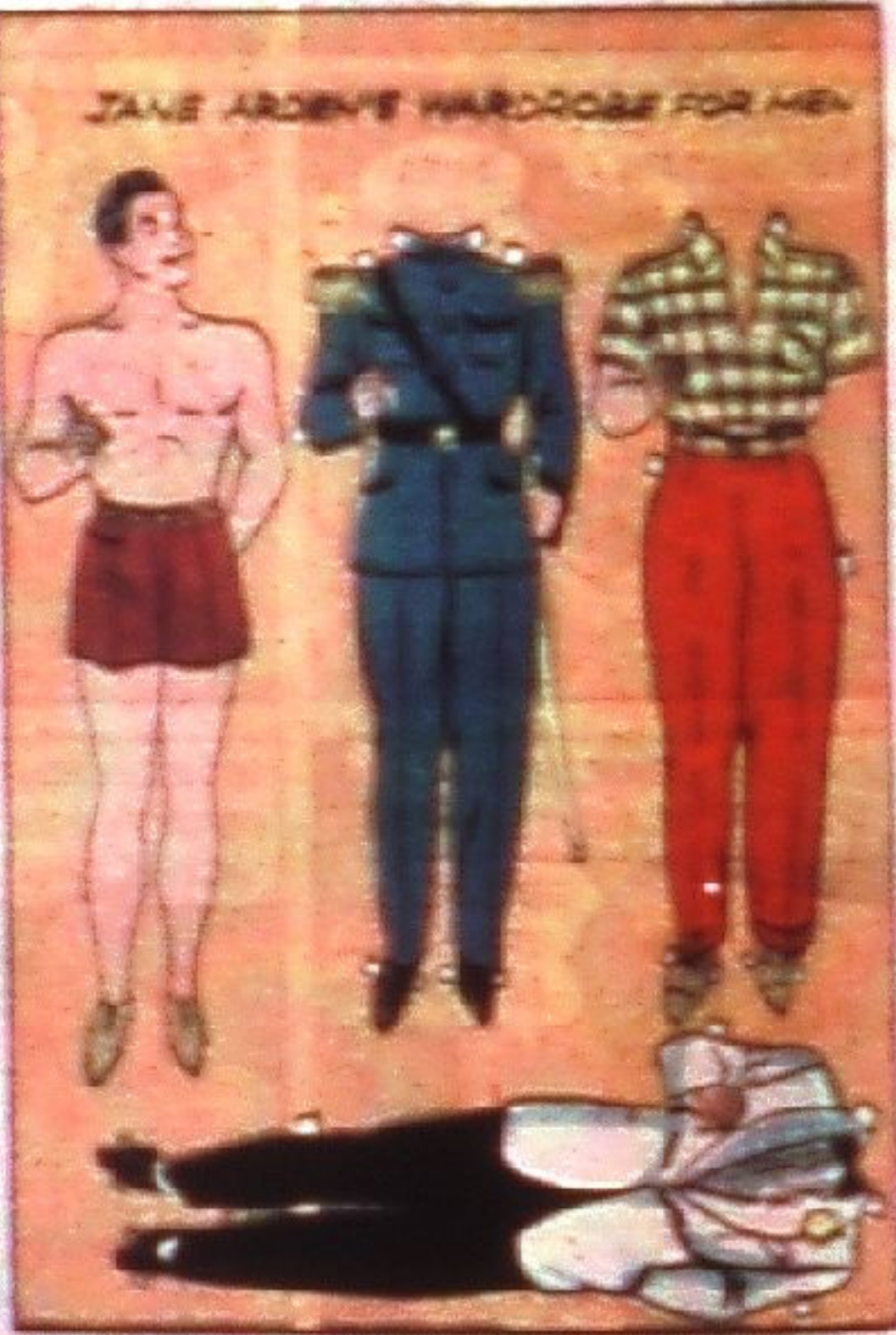
"HEH, WE SURE WHAT MAKIN' MONEY EH, LENA? NO!"

"BUT I DONE PROMISED YO I MARRY UP WIF YO!"

"GET EASY ON THAT SCORE, DANNY! I NOT ONE TOLD YOU TO BRUK A PROMISE!"

"I'LL STICK TMY WORD, WHEN I PROMISED THARRY, I'VE YO, YO DIDN'T CHANGE HAVE A CENTRY KNO!"

"TARNATION! NO WOMAN KIN DO THIS TO ME!"



JANE ARDEN

By Helen Brown and Charles E. Rice

MR. ROBBERK
I THOUGHT
JESSEL
LIVED
HERE

SEARCHING
JESSEL'S
APARTMENT
JANE COMES
FACE TO
FACE
WITH THE
DOCTOR

SOME-
THING
WRONG
YOUR
APART-
MENT
MISS
ARDEN

JESSEL?
JESSEL?
JESSEL?
NEXT
FLOOR!

I'M SORRY
MY
MISTAKE

JESSEL
WAS
REPORTING
TO HIM ON THE PHONE
ROBERCK MUST BE
THE DOCTOR! I'LL
TRY TO TRICK HIM!

YOU'RE A
SMART
GIRL. EVEN
MY OWN
APARTMENT
DON'T KNOW
WHO I AM
EXCEPT
JESSEL!

WOULDN'T
IT BE
BETTER
TO DEAL
DIRECTLY
DOCTOR
INSTEAD
OF
THROUGH
JESSEL?

YOU'RE A
SMART
GIRL. EVEN
MY OWN
APARTMENT
DON'T KNOW
WHO I AM
EXCEPT
JESSEL!

YOU KNOW
TOO MUCH.
I CAN'T LET
YOU LEAVE
SO DON'T
TRY TO
ESCAPE!
MAY I
HAVE A
DRINK?

HALF THE
GAME IS
KNOWING
WHEN YOU LOSE

DO
YOU?

DO
YOU?

DO
YOU?

JESSEL!

AH, WHAT'S
THE
HURRY,
MISS
ARDEN?

YO CHARGED ALL
THEY STUFF AN
YO AINT PAID ME
YET. NOW YO
GOT MY
MONEY

YO'S MAKIN'
MONEY
SELLIN MY
BROCCERIES
LENA!

MY DREAM
BOUT FISH IS
COMIN' TRUE!

YO CHARGED ALL
THEY STUFF AN
YO AINT PAID ME
YET. NOW YO
GOT MY
MONEY

YO CHARGED ALL
THEY STUFF AN
YO AINT PAID ME
YET. NOW YO
GOT MY
MONEY

IF PEOPLE
BUY FROM
YOU THEY
BUY FROM ME

BUT IF I SAY YOU YALL
BUY MORE
STOCK AN OPEN
A NEW STORE!

THAT'S
WHAT
AH AM
TOO!

HAL AN
HAD THE
STORE
FUST!

HAL AN
HAD THE
STORE
FUST!

HELL THEN I'M
THE ONE WHOSE
NAME YOU
WANT TO
GOIN' TO
BEAT
THE SIGN

LISTEN LENA! I
DREAMED BOUT
FISH AN
YALL AN
WANT TO
GOIN' TO
BEAT
THE SIGN

HELL THEN I'M
THE ONE WHOSE
NAME YOU
WANT TO
GOIN' TO
BEAT
THE SIGN

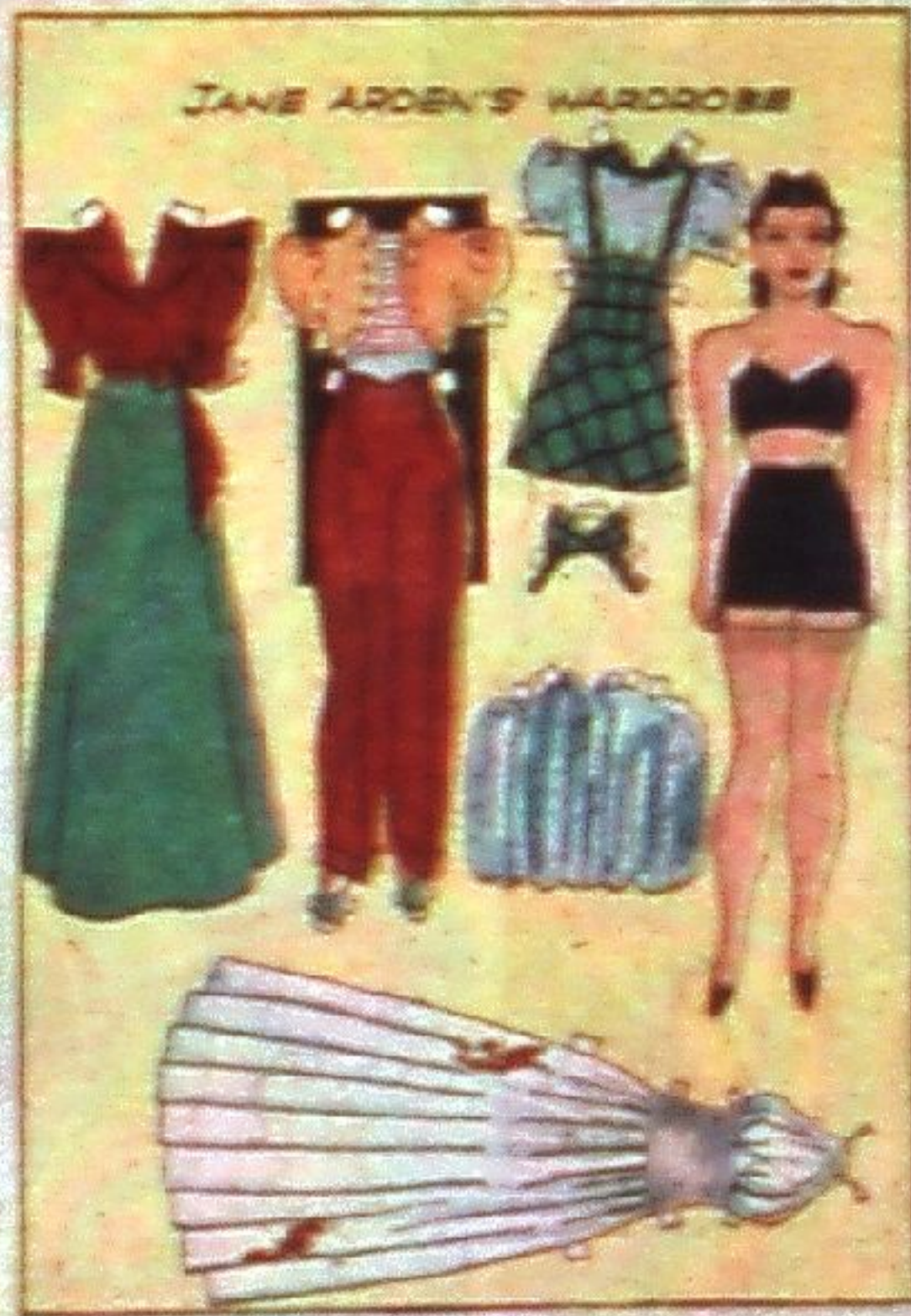
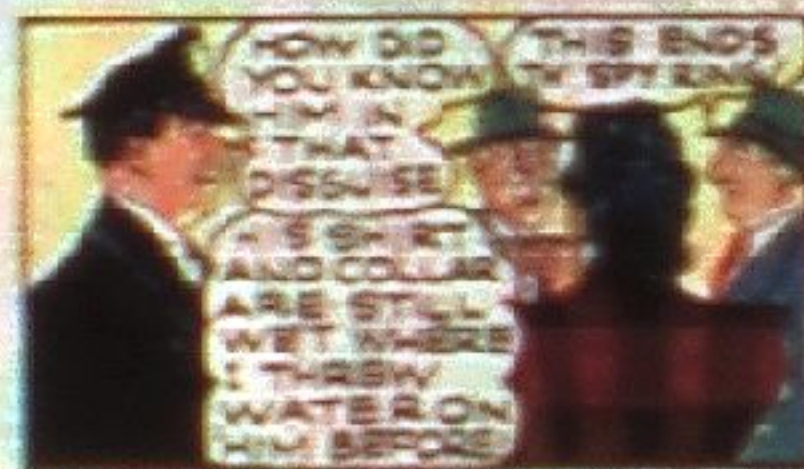
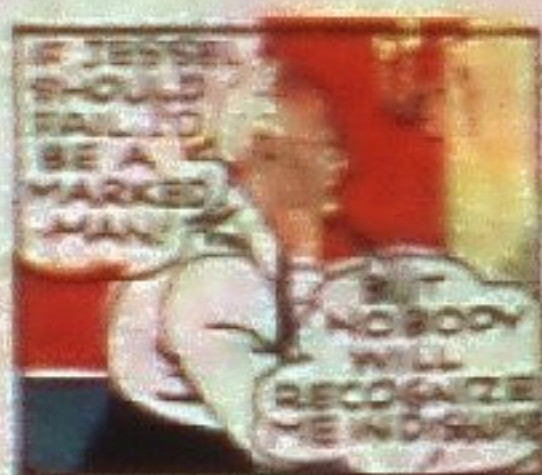
HELL THEN I'M
THE ONE WHOSE
NAME YOU
WANT TO
GOIN' TO
BEAT
THE SIGN

HELL THEN I'M
THE ONE WHOSE
NAME YOU
WANT TO
GOIN' TO
BEAT
THE SIGN

JANE ARDEN'S HARDWARE







ALIAS

SPIDER



A DARING FIGURE STREAMS FROM HIDING IN A SOUTHERN CEMETERY... THEN THE TWANG OF A BOW-STRING... AND A BLAZING ARROW... KNIFES THE AIR... THE SPIDER HAS STRUCK!

BUT HIS TARGET SHIFTS... MOVING THE DEADLY SEAL.



... HE RUNS OFF INTO THE DARKNESS



YOU HON'T GET AWAY AS EASILY AS THAT!



HE'S GONE... DISAPPEARED!



A MOMENT LATER...

MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING TO THE STORIES I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS CEMETERY! I WONDER WHOSE GRAVE THAT GUY WAS OPENING?



JOHN STUART. WHY HE DIED ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO! WELL, I THINK I'LL PAY A CALL ON HIS POLICE!



IN THE SPEEDY
BLACK WIDOW THE
SPIDER REACHES THE
STUART ESTATE



HMM... SOMEONE
IS STILL UP!



THIS LOOKS
LIKE TROUBLE
OF SOME
KIND!



WHATEVER
YOU DO
WILL BE
RIGHT,
DAD!

I KNOW I
SHOULDN'T,
BUT I'M
GOING TO!



SOMETHING SHOT
IT RIGHT THROUGH
THE OPEN WINDOW!



IF WHOEVER
SENT THIS NOTE
CAN BRING JOHN
BACK TO LIFE, I'LL
PAY THEM \$25,000
AS THEY REQUEST.



MARY... BURN THIS
NOTE... I'M LEAVING
TO MEET THE
SENDER!

UH!



I HOPE STUART
DOESN'T MIND MY
SEEING THAT NOTE.
IT WILL SAVE ME
THE TIME OF
FOLLOWING HIM!



HERE IT IS... STUCK
TO THE TREE!



WELL... STUART
IS TO MEET
SOMEONE AT
HIS SON'S
GRAVE, AT
TWO O'CLOCK!



A FEW MOMENTS
LATER THE
SILENT BLACK
WIDOW STREAKS
OUT FOR THE
CEMETERY AGAIN!



JOHN STUART'S GRAVE IS
OPEN... HOLY
MACKEREL!!





AND HIS COFFIN IS MISSING....



FOOTPRINTS!!



LEADING TO THE SPOT WHERE THAT GRAVE-DIGGER DISAPPEARED ON ME BEFORE!



THEY END HERE... THERE MUST BE A GADGET FOR A TRAPDOOR SOMEWHERE...



THAT WAS IT ALL RIGHT!

THROUGH A DIMLY LIGHTED TUNNEL THE SPIDER MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE DEPTHS BELOW THE CEMETERY



VOICES!



OKAY—I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!



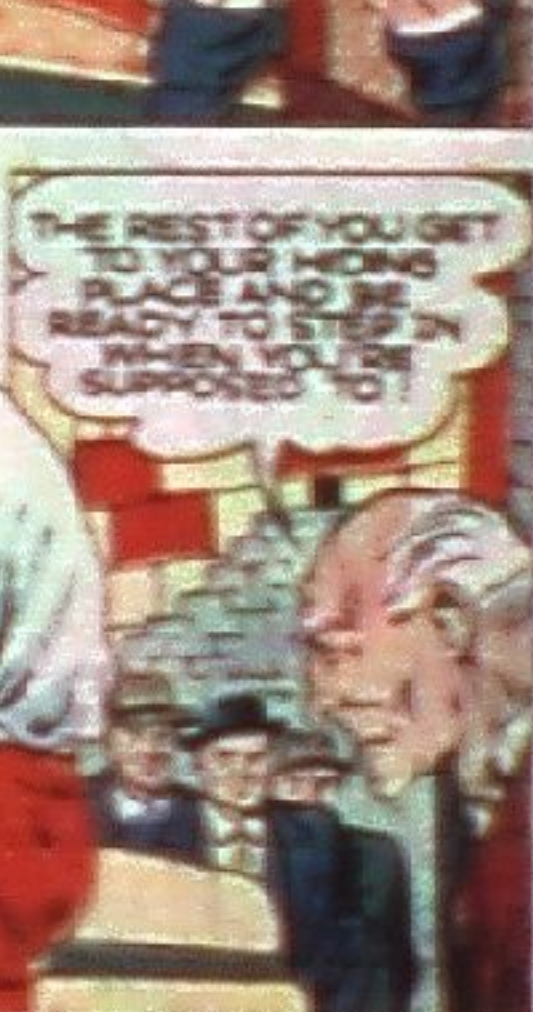
I WISH WE HAD SOME-PLACE ELSE TO STAY... THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS, BOSS!



SO WHAT? YOU'RE MAKING GOOD MONEY OUT OF IT! YEAH... TO THINK I WAS A CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR AT \$50 A WEEK!

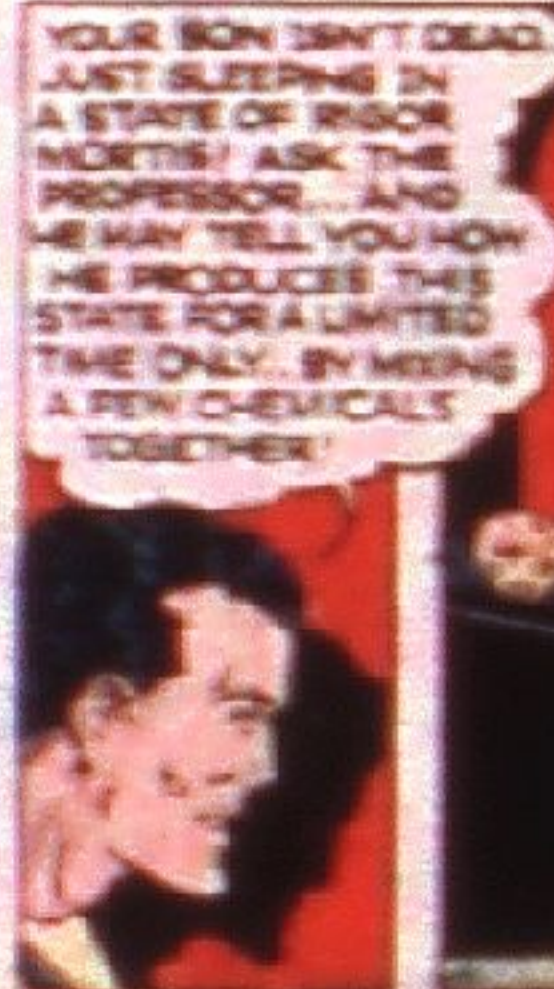


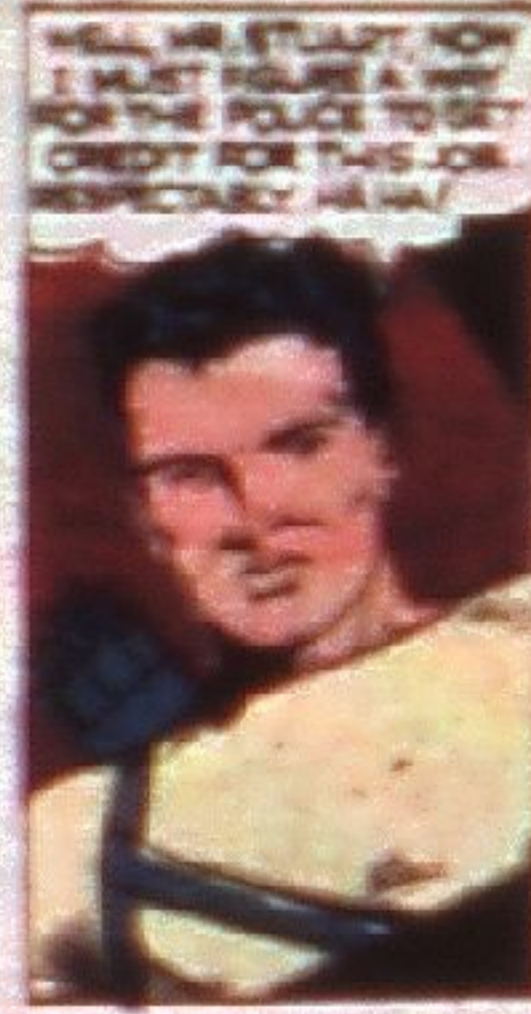
GREKKO! GO BACK TO THE GRAVE AND BRING BACK OLD MAN STUART... IT'S ALMOST TWO!



THE REST OF YOU GET TO YOUR HIDING PLACE AND BE READY TO STEP IN WHEN YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO!







NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DAVY D & W. DEW

WELL, I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GET BACK TO TOWN WITHOUT SHOWING MY CHAMPIONSHIP SKIING FORM, FOLKS!

JAKE, I'LL RUN TO BACK IN MY TOWN CAR.

YOU MEAN THAT ASTHMA SKI YOU START WITH BINDING WOOD AND NEWSPAPER, HANDBILT?

JUST BECAUSE CHRISTOPHER COLEMAN HAD NO TROUBLE WITH IT IS NO SIGN YOU WON'T HAVE A PUNCTURE SOMEDAY, PUNKY!

TALK JAKE INTO GETTING ON HIS SKIS, GAIL - I'LL MEET HIM WHEN THE SKI RUN CROSSES THE AUTO TRAIL.

WATCH THAT CORNED JAKE!

WHICH ONE, NEO - THE ONE AROUND HIS WAIST OR THE ONE THAT TAKES IMPACT SKIING?

THAT CAR OF HIS FORMS SO BUMPY THAT WHEN THE TRUCKS IN THE FRANK WOOD ARE COMPLAINING

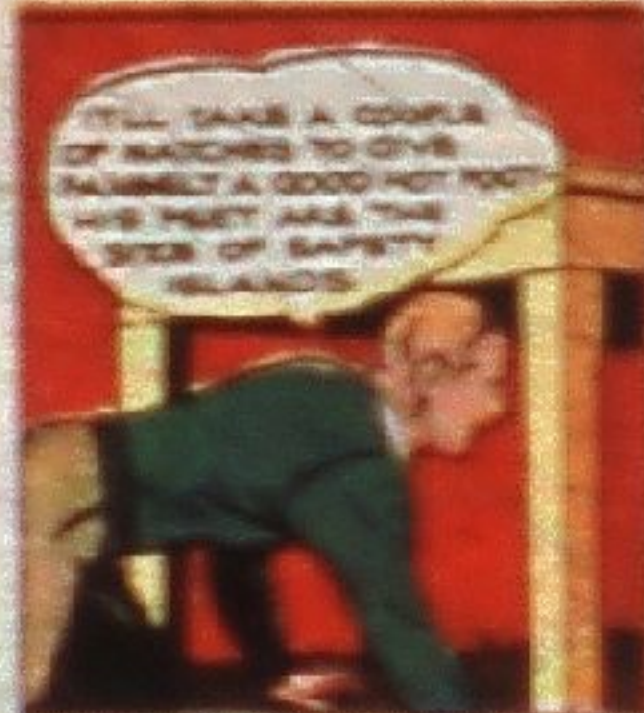


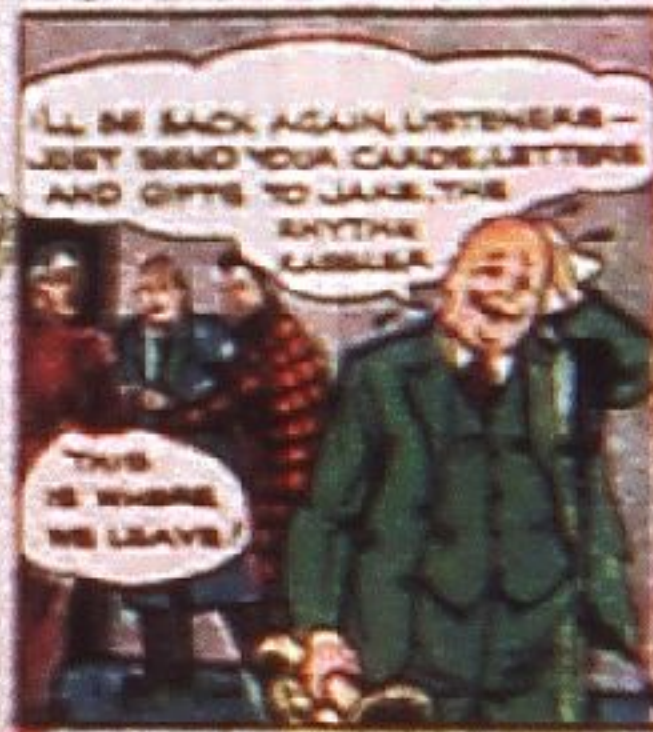
BOY! WHAT A BIE! POOR LIKE A KITTEN - JAKE HAS A NERVE SAYING IT STEERS LIKE A SAND-NEO BETTER, BE THERE WHEN I GET THERE!

WELL, FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE YOU'RE ON TIME, ANYWAY!

NED BRANT

A BOB CLARKE





NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DAVE DILLON

LISTEN, NED—AND YOU, BOB—
MY FRIEND DOUBLEDALK M'GLOON
THE BIG LEAGUE SCOUT, WILL BE
MY GUEST AT BASEBALL
PRACTICE TODAY

THAT MEANS
YOU'LL HAVE
ONE ON
JAKE,
DON'T
IT, COACH?

JAKE, YOU'VE BEEN TOTTING OFF
ABOUT HOW YOU COULD FIT
FITON HAD A CHANCE

THE GEE!
I'VE GOT MORE
CURVES THAN
A WHOLE
STAIRWAY,
COACH

THESELL BE A MAJOR LEAGUE
SCOUT HERE IN A FEW MINUTES—
I WON'T TELL HIM YOUR
CARTERS TRAINER

COME ON,
SOMEBODY
WARM ME
UP!

HOW'S THAT
FOR A CURVE?

THE ONE
AROUND YOUR
WAIST IS
BIGGER,
JAKE

HELLO COACH—HELLO
COACH—YOU GOT ANY
THING—YOU GOT
ANYTHING?

WELL, I'VE GOT
A FITONER!
THINK
MIGHT
WE FOR
YOU

WHEN DOES HE
WORK—WHEN
DOES HE
WORK?

YOU CAN SEE
HIM RIGHT
NOW—WE'RE
GOING TO HAVE
A PRACTICE
GAME

BUNT THE FIRST
BALL JAKE FITONER,
NED

GOOT IT,
COACH

FIRST
BASE,
JAKE—
EASY
CHANCE!

WHAT IS JAKE
TRYING TO DO—
DROPKICK OR FITT?

AFTER KILLING DOWN
AND BRINGING HIMSELF
IN THE CHAIR, JAKE
FINALLY CAPTURED THE
BALL AND THREW IT
TO THE PITCHER

YOU SAY HE'S A FITONER?
YOU SAY HE'S A FITONER?
HE'S AN ACROBAT!
HE'S AN ACROBAT!

Ned Brant is continued in the July issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale May 9th.



<p>THE BROWNS BOOKED A TRIP ON A GREAT OCEAN LINER. THEY SMILED FOR THEIR STATEROOM COULDN'T BE FINER.</p>	<p>WHILE THE THOMPSONS WERE GLOOMY WHEN THEY WENT ABROAD, THE STEERAGE WAS ALL THEY COULD AFFORD.</p>	<p>DON'T TRUMP MY ACE!!</p> <p>BUT THE TRIP FOR THE BROWNS WAS A BIG FLOPEROO. THEY FOUGHT ALL THE WAY FROM NEW YORK TO PERU.</p>	<p>WHILE THE THOMPSONS WERE WAY DOWN IN THE STEERAGE BELOW, MADE NOTHING BUT WHOOPEE AND HIDE-HO!</p>
--	---	---	---

<p>I HOPE BRADSHAW'S FRIENDS HAVE LEFT THE HOUSE NOW! CAN GO HOME AND GO TO BED!</p> <p>BRAD AND DAD</p>	<p>THERE'S THAT CHET ADAMS STAYING OVERNIGHT AGAIN—TOO LAZY TO GO HOME!</p>	<p>JOHNNY DINKUS AND FREDDIE WIGGIN, TOO! WHAT DO THEY THINK THIS IS, A FLOP-HOUSE?</p>
<p>I'LL GET INTO MY BED NOW AND GIVE BRADSHAW A PIECE OF MY MIND IN THE MORNING!</p>	<p>GOSH! HE LOOKS JUST LIKE HE DID WHEN HE WAS A BABY!</p>	<p>ANYWAY, I WON'T BE LATE FOR WORK IN THE MORNING!</p>

WEEKLY INVENTION

SIT SAFE DISTANCE FROM HUNGRY MOB AND OPERATE A 'A' SPECIAL DERRICK AND TELEPHONE

HOW TO GET SOMETHING TO EAT AT A BUFFET DINNER

JOE I'LL TAKE CHICKEN AND POTATO SALAD

FOOD GOES DOWN SLIDE ONTO TABLE

ACROBAT'S TWIN BROTHER PULLS HIM OVER AND DEPOSITS FOOD ON SLIDE

MIDGET ACROBAT IS LOWERED OVER TABLE

I GOT TO WATCH IT, OR THIS BUNCH'LL EAT MY ARM!

MADAM FATAL

Art
Drew



DEATH INTERRUPTS THE GAY AND HAPPY LIFE OF A GYPSY VILLAGE AS MADAM FATAL, WHO IS REALLY RICHARD STANTON, BATTLES THE FORCES OF HATRED AND GREED IN AN EFFORT TO BRING TWO YOUNG PEOPLE TOGETHER.

AT THE COUNTRY MANSION OF JIM GRAVES OVERLOOKING THE GYPSY VILLAGE...

OH FOR THE LIFE OF A GYPSY, EH JIM? A PLACE WHERE CRIME DOESN'T EXIST!

RIGHT, DICK! ONCE A YEAR THEY ALL COME TOGETHER FOR A GREAT FESTIVAL... THEY TAKE THINGS EASY, WITH NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD!!

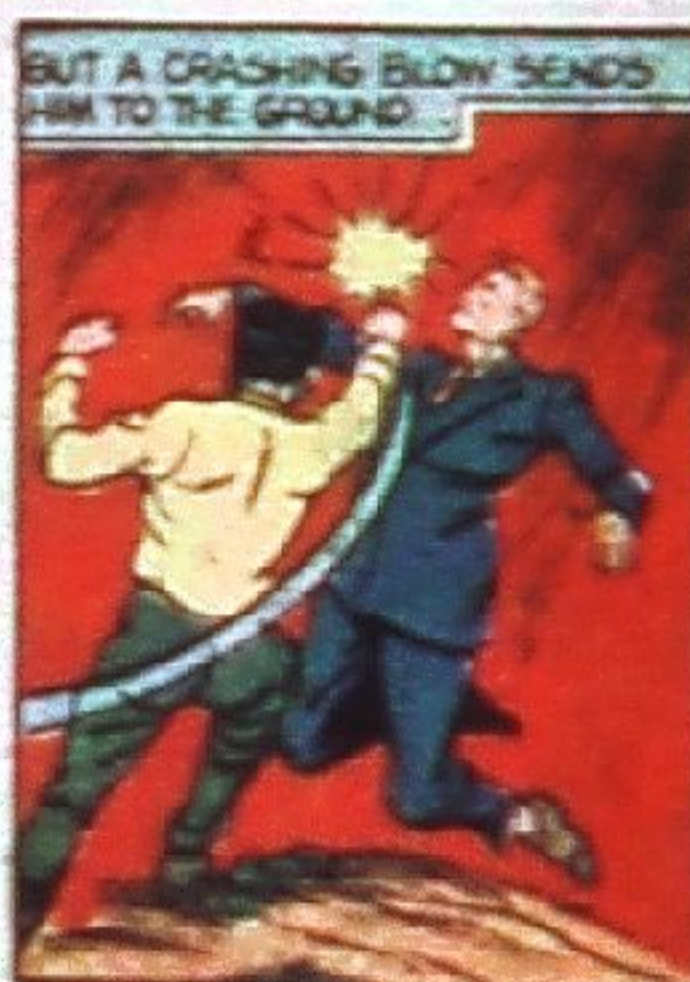
GUESS I'LL GO DOWN AND LOOK AROUND!

AS STANTON APPROACHES TWO PEOPLE TALK...

AH! MY CHILD - I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU ARE SO HAPPY!

YES, DENO - SOME DAY FELIPE AND I WILL BE MARRIED!





THAT NIGHT A FIGURE STEALS INTO THE GYPSY CAMP AND MAKES ITS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD.....



AT THE WINDOW OF MADAME DE FARGE'S WAGON THE BENT FORM'S FACE IS REVEALED-IT IS MADAM FATAL.....



ALL GOES WELL! I TOLD MARIA SOMEONE WHO WANTED TO HELP FELIPE WAS WAITING FOR HER AT THE BLUE CAVE! SHE LEFT AT ONCE!

GOOD! MY MEN WILL BE WAITING FOR HER WHEN SHE GETS THERE!!



TOMORROW FELIPE WILL BE THROWN INTO THE RIVER FROM WHICH NO ONE RETURNS- THEN YOU WILL BE FREE TO MARRY MARIA!

I SHALL REWARD YOU HANDSOMELY! LOOK! A FACE AT THE WINDOW!!



AS THEY REACH THE DOOR MADAM FATAL DISAPPEARS INTO THE SHADOWS.....



THERE'S THE PRISON WAGON-IT'S WELL GUARDED... GOT TO THINK FAST!



GURD! HELD MY ANKLE'S TURNED!

IT'S MADAME DE FARGE... SHE NEEDS HELP!



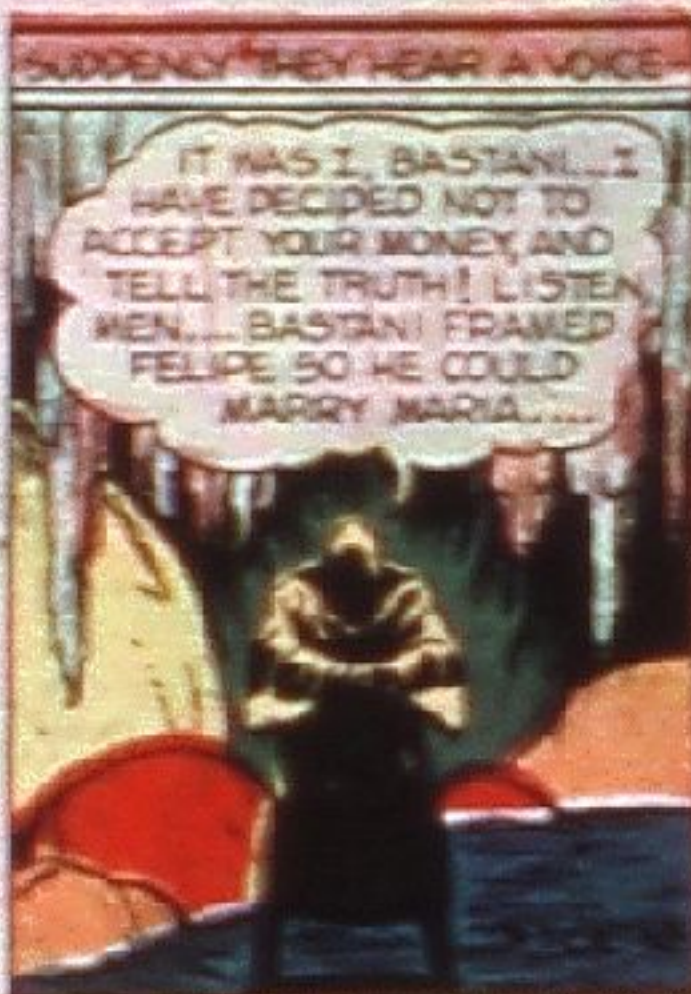
AND WHEN THE OTHER GUARDS COME RUNNING.....



PAT MEET MIKE... MIKE MEET PAT!







The FIRE MOOSE

BY LARRY SMITH



Oolakuk Ruskov graduated from Sitka Forestry College almost a total mystery. Oolakuk was half Russian and half Eskimo. He was taciturn, morose, and he made no friends. But Oolakuk was smart—devilishly smart! He did things in chemistry that amazed even his teachers. On his graduation day he departed, without a word to anyone.

During the severe winter of 1934 the Yukon Territory was ravaged by a series of strange fires. Trappers' cabins, Mounted Police posts, and even a chapel burned to the ground under extremely mysterious circumstances. Always the fires struck at night, during howling gales. A dozen or more persons died in their sleep. The fiend responsible was never seen; but on several occasions the tracks of a giant moose were found in the snow near the smoldering ruins.

Inspector Rainey of Ft. Yukon Post was in conversation with Sergt. Colt.

"We've reached the end. I've wired Eric Vale, that American detective. He is due here tonight, by plane. . . . Anything new, Sergeant?"

"Nothing. A couple of River Indians reported seeing a white moose in the district—"

Inspector Rainey snorted. "White moose! Indian superstition, Colt."

"I don't know," returned Colt. "They say he's a monster, with a big hump on his back. And he travels like the wind."

And there the mystery hung. Eric Vale landed his speedy Lockheed on the hard-packed snow in front of Yukon House at exactly 7:30 that evening. He was a tall, bronzed youth who looked more like a quarterback than a detective. Inspector Rainey welcomed him warmly.

"Tis many a day since we met, Eric," he said. "But I'm glad to see ye, lad. Ye have a job before ye!"

Eric listened to the strange details of the fire mystery to its end. Then he said, "Well, it all sounds a bit fantastic, but there's no time like the present. I'll go up for a short scouting trip."

A shrieking blizzard drove down across the icy tundras that night, sending the mercury scurrying to forty below. At three thousand feet, Eric watched the blurred terrain below, and suddenly he saw flames. They seemed to burst out like a fast-blooming rose and then a large area was in flame. He put his ship into a screaming power dive, and leveled off two hundred yards from the fiercely blazing cabin. It stood in a clearing a good fifty miles from Ft. Yukon.

Eric jumped out of the plane and rushed toward the burning cabin. A man ran out the door, followed by a woman carrying a small child. Before Eric reached them the cabin collapsed amid a shower of sparks.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

The people were French. They both broke into rapid trail-French. Eric grew from it that there had been no fire in their cabin for four hours. They could not understand how the fire broke out—unless it was "that devil moose!"

Eric bundled the three persons into his plane, snapped on the electric heater, and hurried back to the ruins of the cabin. There was something odd about the fire: he had seen it break out from the air, as if the roof had been ignited first. The flames had burned downward, instead of up!

There was nothing in the

ashes that revealed the nature of the blaze, but in making a circuit of the area he found several large moose tracks, fresh ones!

Back at headquarters, Eric told Inspector Rainey what had occurred. The latter looked puzzled. "What d'ye make of it, lad?"

"The fire?" replied Eric. "It's not ordinary fire, Inspector. And as for the moose tracks—they sort of intrigue me."

Sergeant Colt entered the office at that moment. His face was grave.

"Four fires last night, a few



miles from the reservation," he stated. "Two women badly burned."

Eric said, "How far would that be from the Renault cabin?"

"A good thirty-five miles."

"Whew!" Eric whistled softly. "Whoever's doing the dirty work is really getting around!"

Inspector Rainey explained to Colt that the Renault cabin had burned during the night, and that Eric had brought them into the village.

"But how could that be?" Colt demanded. "A man couldn't make that jump short of six hours—in a blizzard like last night!"

The inspector agreed that it would be impossible for a man on snowshoes to trek that distance under six hours.

"Well," said Colt, "here's the

payoff. The Indians say they saw the white humped moose. They're right. I saw it myself last night, streaking south like the very Nick was after it. It has a hump, all right!"

Eric left his plane in the single hanger at Ft. Yukon and set off toward noon with Jim Broken Wing, a Cree tracker. How much of this mystery was fact and how much pure imagination, he didn't know, but he meant to find out today!

The Cree set a stiff pace and near the ruins of an earlier fire, he picked up the moose trail. The wind had all but obliterated it, but the Indian followed it unerringly.

Night caught them ten miles from the cabin. The going had



become rough and another blizzard was in the making. Suddenly the Cree stopped and pointed ahead. "Fire!" he grunted.

"Come on," said Eric.

A few minutes later they were shielding their faces from the intense heat. The log structure had already collapsed. A hasty search of the charred remains revealed nothing. If someone had been in there, he had certainly died in that seething inferno.

Jim took up the trail of the moose again, and in a few minutes they could hear a crashing ahead of them, such as a large animal would make in scrub timber.

"Moose!" Jim grunted, and hastened his stride.

They were gaining on the big animal; the noise of his progress was louder. But suddenly

it ceased altogether. Eric and the Indian came up quietly, sensing an ambush. Jim explained that they were at the mouth of a box canyon; that the moose was trapped.

Abruptly a terrific crashing began up ahead and the moose let out a bellow of rage. The next moment he was flashing past Eric and Jim at express train speed. They leaped out of his path just in time. Eric noticed in the semi-darkness that he was indeed an albino and that he had a huge hump on his back. What sort of moose could he be, he wondered.

He and Jim took out after the big beast. About a half mile from the canyon he fell. Eric wasn't certain, but he thought he heard a shrill scream. Then a burst of red flame showed ahead. The fire was alive! It streaked off, showering sparks. Another scream echoed back.

"Hurry!" cried Eric. He and Jim raced in pursuit of the strange flame mass, which was wavering erratically now. The moose was after from head to heel! It was an unearthly sight. Suddenly the fire ahead vanished. Two minutes later Eric, slightly ahead of Jim, halted on a high embankment bordering a small river. Below them they heard a gurgling moan. Eric tumbled down the bank. "Look!" he cried.

The head of a man in a white fur parka, badly scorched, showed above the water of the river. He waved his mitted hand weakly. Eric and Jim waded into the icy stream and tried to pull the man out. Then they saw that he was astride the big moose. The creature's huge antlers were thrown back, firmly locked around the man's body. The Beast was evidently dead, burned terribly.

A half hour's tugging released the fur-clad man and they pulled him ashore. He was gasping his last.

"Oolakup," said Jim succinctly. "Him devil-man. Cause fire. Burn people. Ugh!" The Indian would not touch the Eskimo-Russian. The latter moaned in agony. His lips

moved. "Hate white man," Eric made out.

So that was it! Eric drew Oolakup's parka over his face. The man was dead. In the spacious pockets of the garment Eric found several small glass bombs filled with a brownish liquid—five bombs! The Eskimo had been an expert chemist. He had chosen this method of showing his hate for the white race. Was it because his father was Russian?

Nobody would ever know. Where he got the white moose was also a mystery that would never be solved. How he had

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trained it as a mount—these things would remain unsolved. But one thing sure, the fires in the Yukon Territory were ended.

Eric looked at Jim Broken Wing and smiled. "I guess we're done, Jim."

"Ugh!" replied the Indian, and started for the fort.

**FOLLOW ERIC WALKER IN
GREAT BEAR MYSTERY
IN THE JULY ISSUE OF
CRACK COMICS
ON SALE MAY 5TH**

OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED,*

"DON'T KNOCK FIDO OFF... HE HAS TO HANG ONTO SOMETHING"



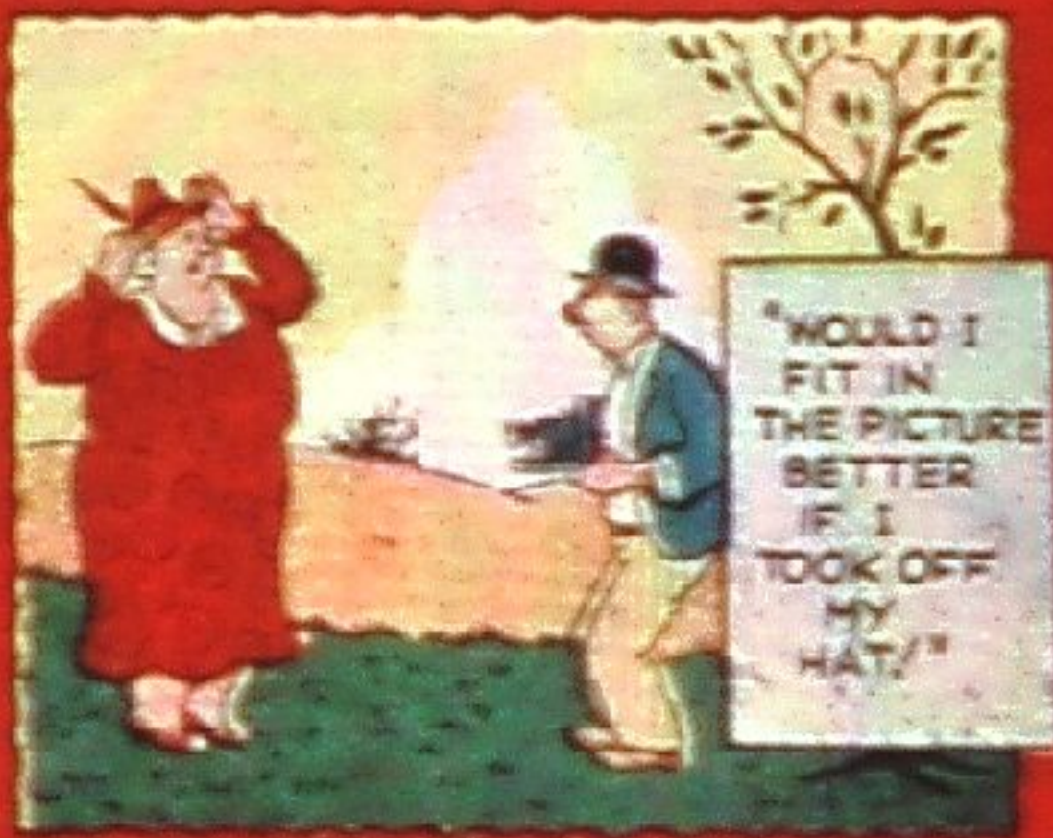
"LADY, PLEASE PUT A COUPLE OF CANDLES ON IT... TODAY'S ME BIRTHDAY!"



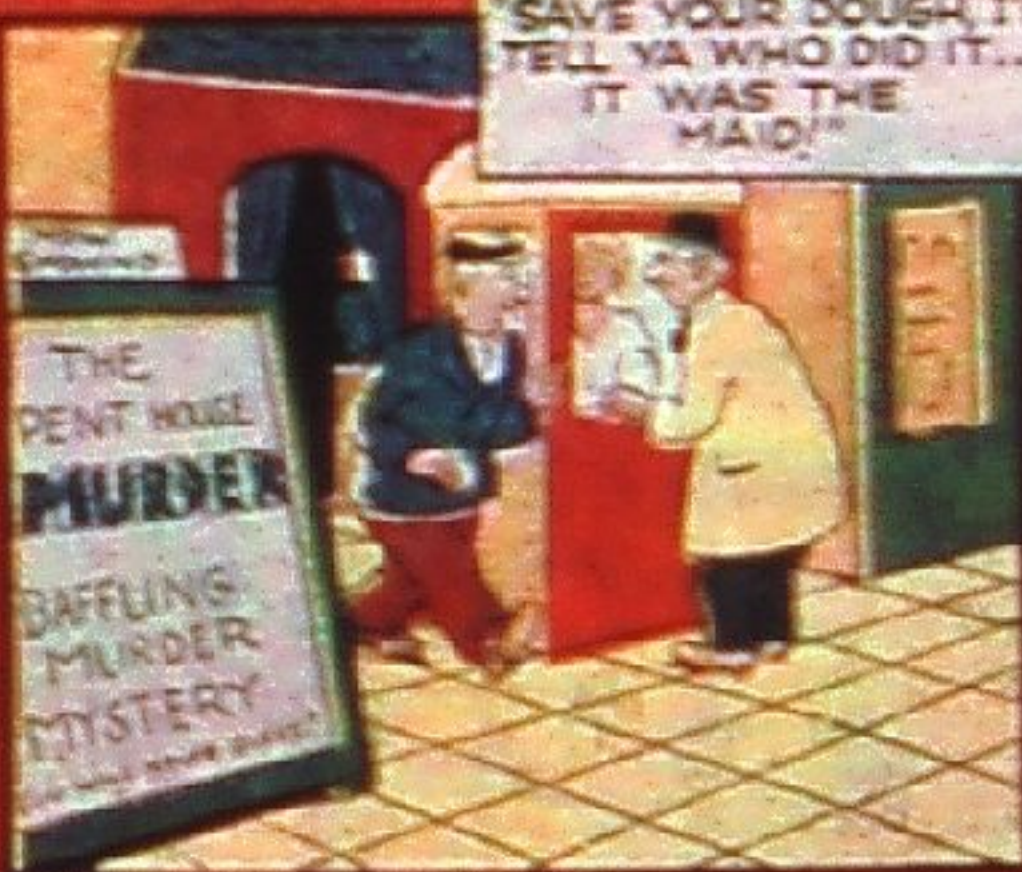
"SAVE THE FURNITURE FIRST... IT'S NOT INSURED... WE ARE!"



"WOULD I FIT IN THE PICTURE BETTER IF I TOOK OFF MY HAT?"



"SAVE YOUR DOUGH, I'LL TELL YA WHO DID IT... IT WAS THE MAID!"



THE

SPACE LEGION

By
VERY

ROCK BRADDON vs. CAPTAIN X



MIDNIGHT... THE SPACE LEGION HEADQUARTERS ON EARTH ARE IN DARKNESS...



THEN... A LONE FIGURE IS SILHOUETTED MOMENTARILY AGAINST A WINDOW.



ROCK IS JARRED TO HIS SENSES BY THE METALLIC LAUGH.



EVEN FUNNY LOOKING GALLOOTS LIKE YOU DON'T USUALLY GO VISITING AT THIS HOUR!



TRUE, CAPTAIN, BUT I NEED YOUR HELP IN A LITTLE PROJECT I HAVE IN MIND! GET DRESSED!



AT THE POINT OF A RAY-GUN THE LEGION OFFICER THROWS ON HIS UNIFORM.



ROCK AND HIS CAPTOR ENTER A WAITING CAR... FROM AN UPPER WINDOW ANOTHER LEGION OFFICER WATCHES WITH UNBELIEVING EYES.

BRADDON AND CAPTAIN X, WHY OF ALL THE...

THE CAR ROARS OFF... A FEW HOURS LATER IT STOPS AMONG DESOLATE HILLS.

MY SPACE-SHIP, BRADDON ALL READY TO BLAST OFF!

YOUR HOSPITALITY GOALS ME, X!

ROCK BOARDS THE SPACE-SHIP AND IS THRUST INTO A STEEL CELL...

DON'T FOOLISHLY WASTE YOUR STRENGTH TRYING TO ESCAPE, CAPTAIN!

AND WHAT IS THIS PROJECT YOU EXPECT ME TO AID YOU IN?

THE LOOTING OF THE INTER-PLANETARY TREASURY!

YOU'RE MAD! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT!

HA, HA! YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT CAPTAIN X!

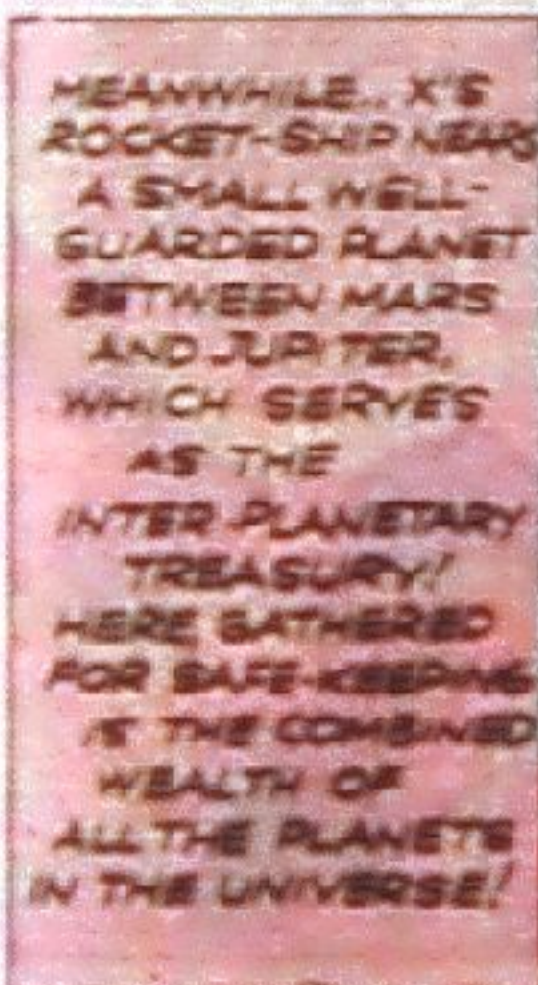
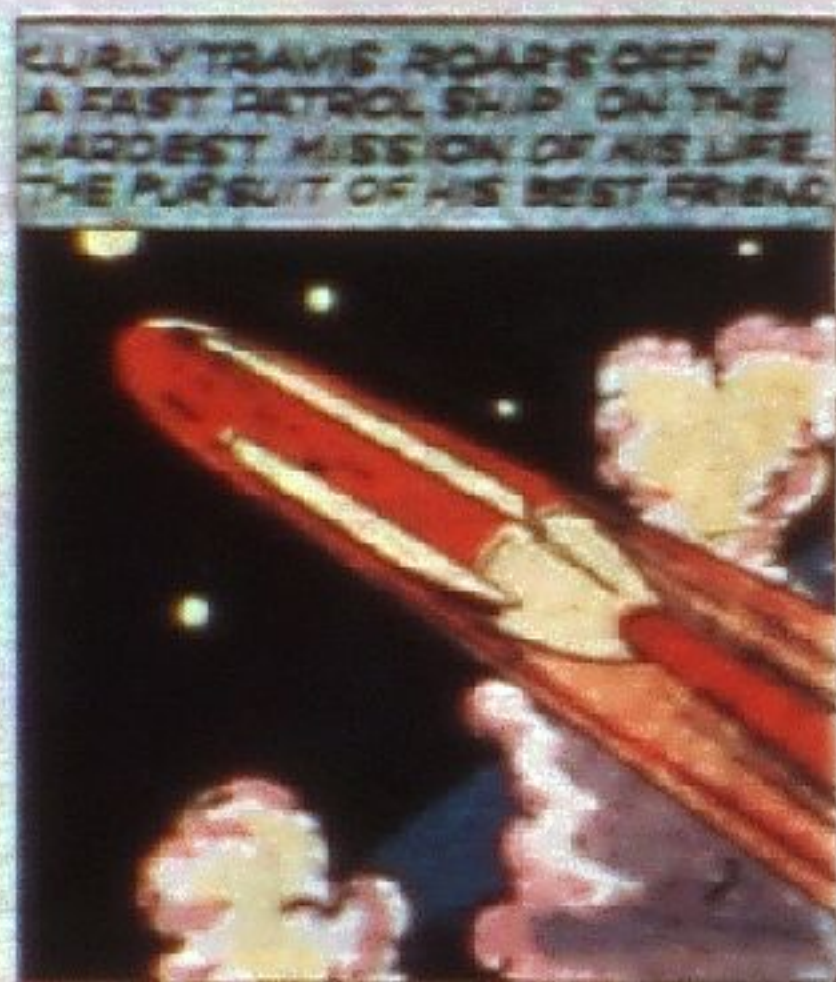
SECONDS LATER THE SHIP BLASTS INTO THE COLD BLACK VOID OF OUTER SPACE.

LEGION COMMANDER RAY CROSBY INVESTIGATES ROCK'S DISAPPEARANCE.

YES, COMMANDER, I KNOW WHERE ROCK IS. I SAW HIM LEAVE LAST NIGHT WITH CAPTAIN X!

WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP THEM, TRAVIS? YOU HAVE A RAY-GUN IN YOUR ROOM!

ROCK WAS MY BEST FRIEND, SIR! I MIGHT'VE HIT HIM!



THE SHIP LANDS AND IS QUICKLY ENGULFED BY TREASURY GUARDS..



ER.. THIS IS MY WIFE. WE'RE ON OUR HONEYMOON TRIP. ENGINES BROKE DOWN SO WE LANDED HERE!

TILL YOU CAN LEAVE I'LL QUART-PARTY IN THE TREASURY BUILDING, ROCK..



WITH A CONCEALED RAY-GUN PRODDING HIM IN THE BACK, ROCK HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO OBEY CAPTAIN X..



LATER, ONCE AGAIN CAPTAIN X BARKS ORDERS

ONE MAN STAY AND GUARD BRADDON.. THE REST OF YOU FOLLOW ME!



A SHADOWY GROUP SLIP SILENTLY INTO A SUB-VENTILATOR ROOM...



WE'LL PUT THESE GAS CAPSULES IN THE MAIN AIR DUCTS ..IN A FEW MINUTES THE ENTIRE GARRISON WILL BE ASLEEP!



AS THE FIRST VAPORY GAS SEEPS FROM THE VENTILATOR, ROCK'S GUARD PUTS ON A GAS MASK..



BRADDON SEIZES THE SPLIT-SECOND OPPORTUNITY.

I'LL TAKE THAT!



NOW TO FIND THAT WILDCAT AND HER CREW!



THE TREASURY
COMMANDER MANAGES TO
THROW A VISAGRAPH SWITCH
BEFORE HE FALLS A VICTIM.



A THOUSAND MILES AWAY
CURLY TRAVIS PICKS UP THE
CALL



JUMPIN' MOON-
MEN! TROUBLE
AT THE TREASURY!
MAYBE I CAN
MAKE IT IN AN
HOUR!

MEANWHILE... ROCK SUR-
PRISES X IN THE ACT OF
OPENING THE TREASURY WALL



THROW DOWN
YOUR TOYS, KIDS.
WE'RE DONE
PLAYING COPS
AN' ROBBERS!

BRADDON!

BUT DEADLY ELECTRONIC
RAYS CRACKLE FROM
BOTH SIDES...



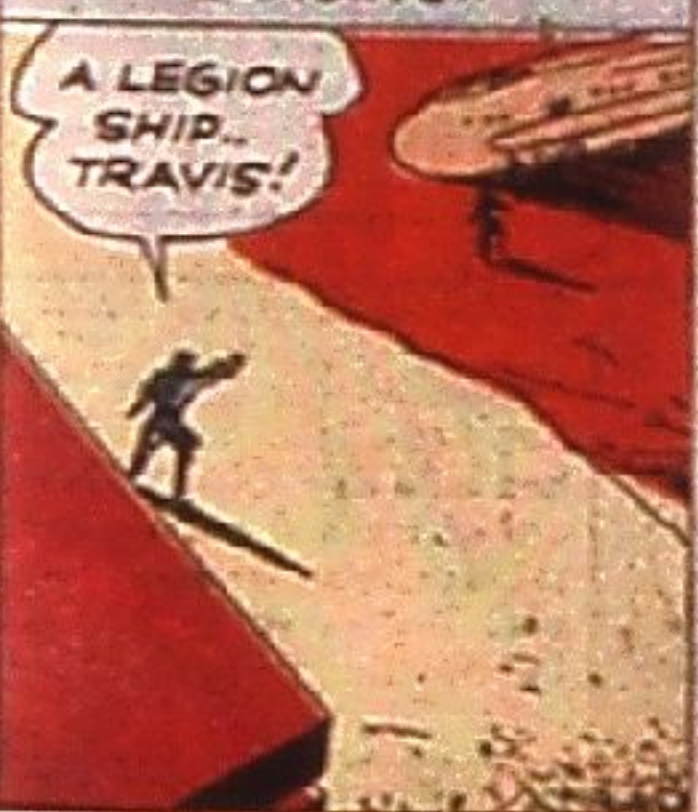
ONE MUST BOP EVEN
A LADY.. WHEN SHE
INSISTS ON
USING A GUN!



WHEW.. THAT DAME
MADE HE-MAN
BANDITS LOOK
LIKE DAFFODILS!



SOON CURLY TRAVIS
SWOOPS TO A
LANDING..



A LEGION
SHIP..
TRAVIS!

AFTER THE REMAINDER
OF X'S CREW HAVE
MEEKLY SURRENDERED..



CURLY, BELIEVE IT
OR NOT... I WAS
SNATCHED AND
WHISKED HERE BY A
WOMAN!

ROCK!

SAY.. COMMANDER
CROSBY WAS MAD
WHEN YOU LEFT.. BUT
MAYBE HE'LL BELIEVE
THIS WHEN WE BRING
THE EVIDENCE!



I
HOPE
SO!

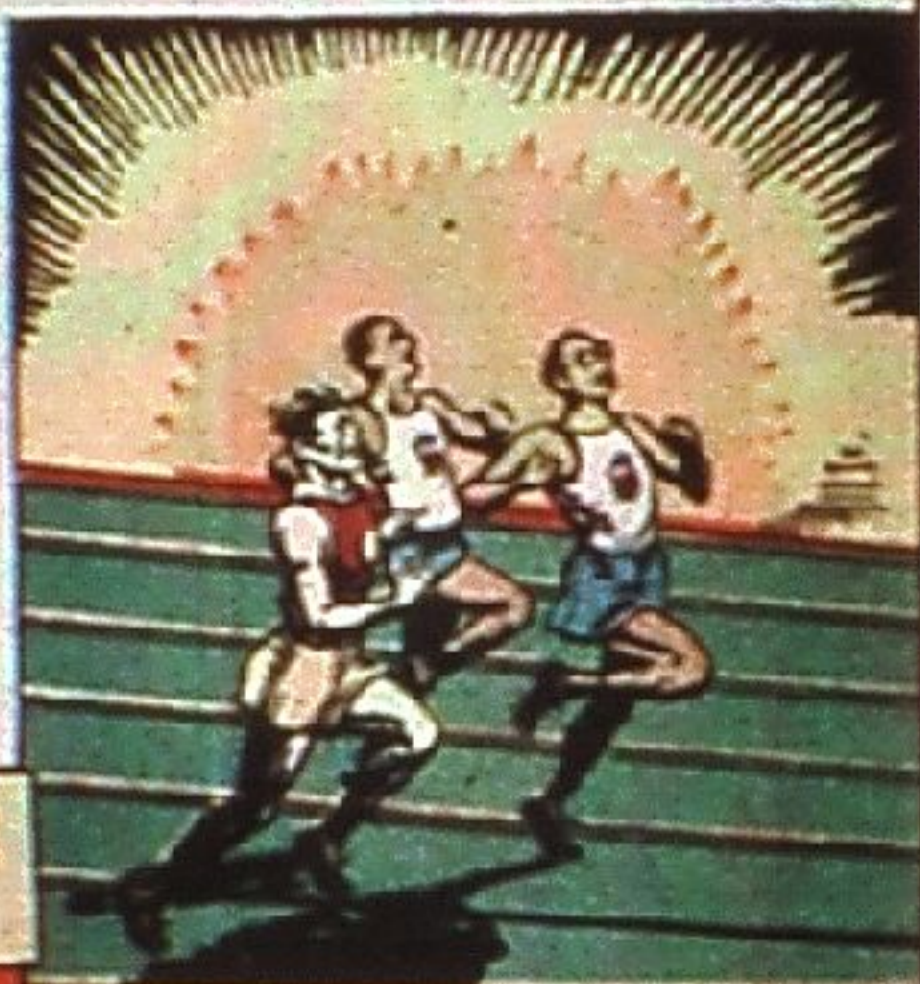
THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About That
Breath-Taking
Olympic Finish

For 20—40—60 yards of that memorable 100-meter dash, the flying Japanese, held the lead, his mouth twisted in effort.

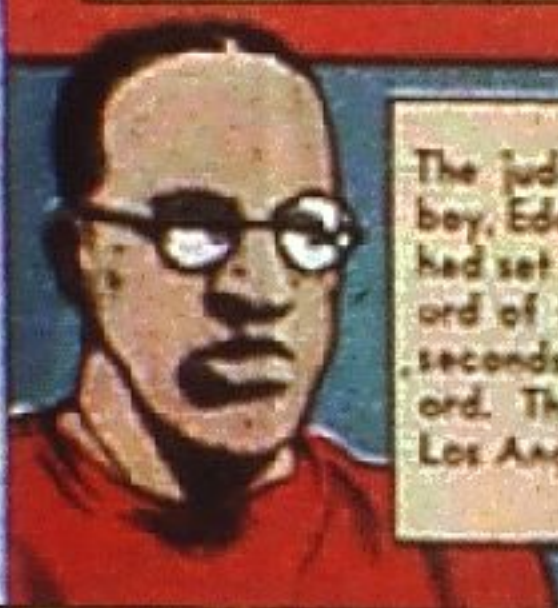


Then the Jap heard the quick thud of spikes behind him as the great Eddie Tolan of Michigan, running to the frenzied cries of 50,000 persons, closed the gap yard by yard.



Flying past Yoshioka came that grand Michigan sprinter—and like a streak of lightning came the sensational Ralph Metcalfe of Marquette university!

Elbow to elbow the two Negro stars raced. With that last stride they lunged, one of them breaking the tape—but which one?



The judges said it was this boy, Eddie Tolan, and that he had set a new Olympic record of ten and three-tenths seconds, tying the world record. That was Aug. 1, 1932, at Los Angeles, Cal.

SNAPPY



The CLOCK

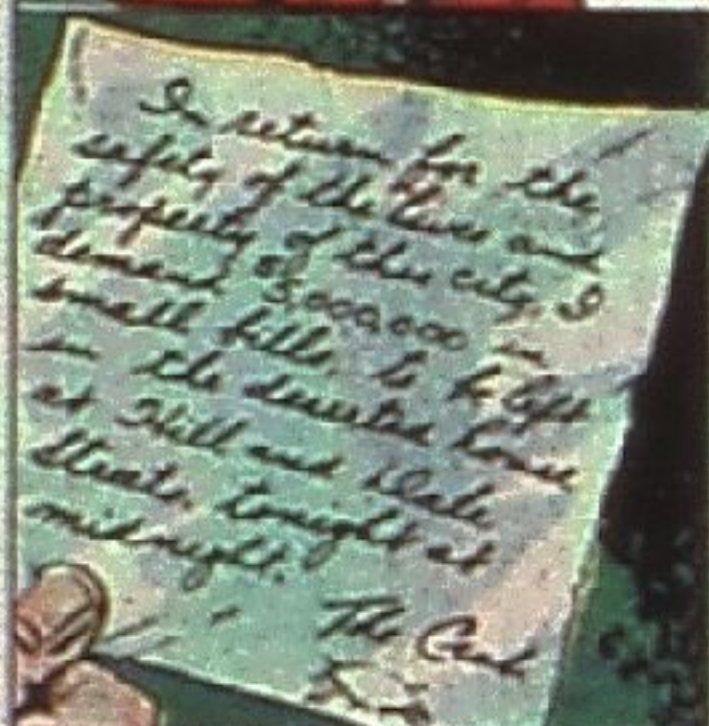


IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE
OF A GREAT CITY---

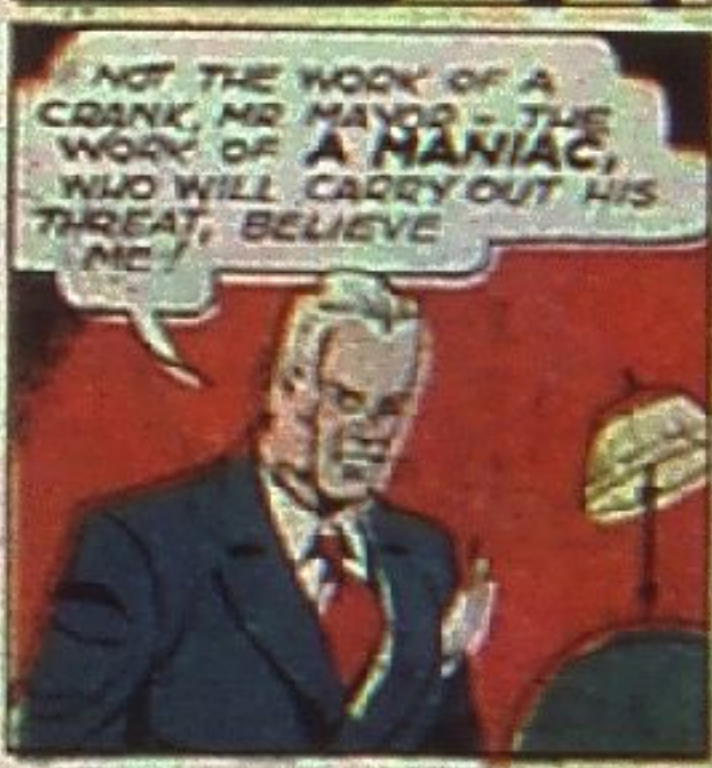


LET ME SEE
THAT NOTE
AGAIN, CAPTAIN
KANE!

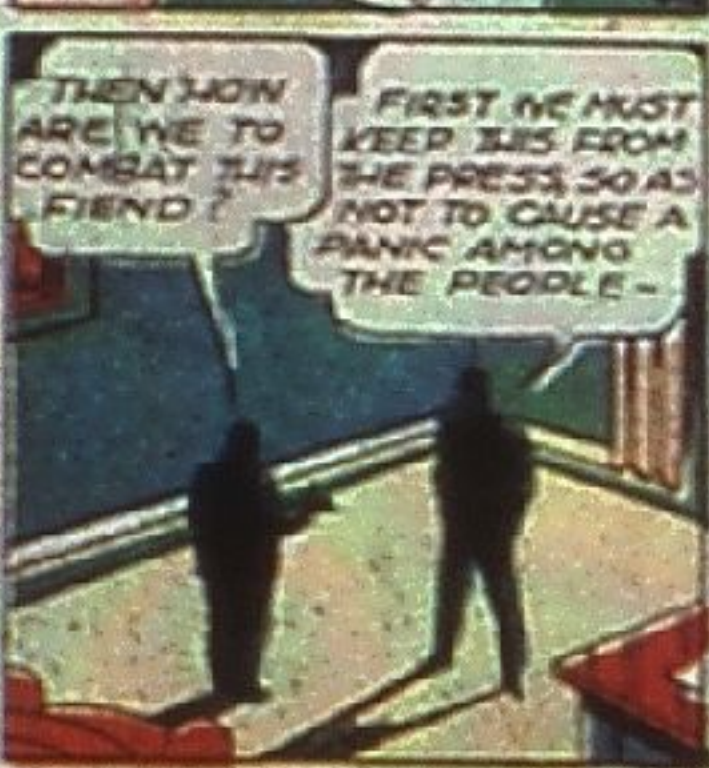
SURE,
MR. MAYOR!



CAPTAIN, THIS
NOTE IS THE WORK OF
A CRANK, NOTHING
MORE!

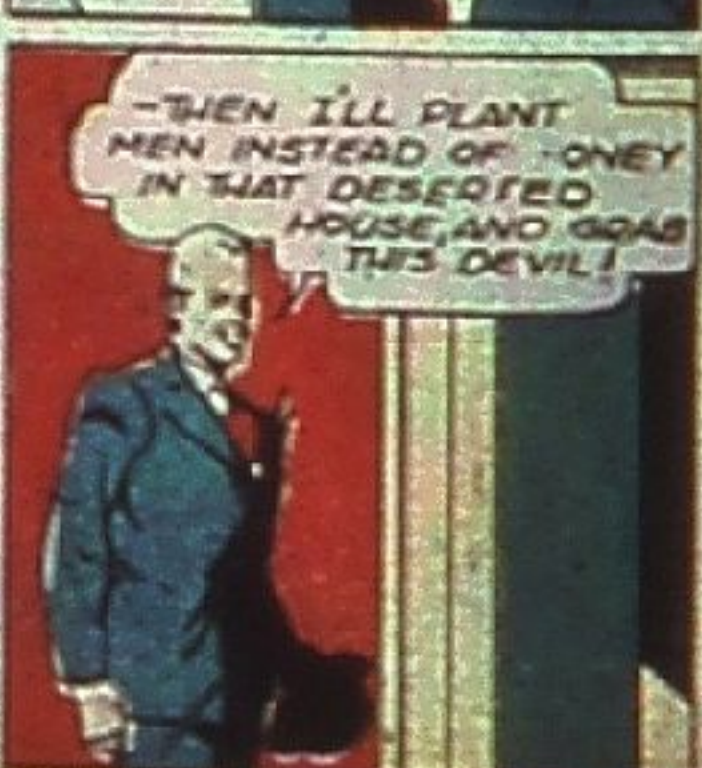


NOT THE WORK OF A
CRANK, MR. MAYOR - THE
WORK OF A MANIAC,
WHO WILL CARRY OUT HIS
THREAT, BELIEVE
ME!



THEN HOW
ARE WE TO
COMBAT THIS
FIEND?

FIRST WE MUST
KEEP THIS FROM
THE PRESS, SO AS
NOT TO CAUSE A
PANIC AMONG
THE PEOPLE -



-THEN I'LL PLANT
MEN INSTEAD OF MONEY
IN THAT DESERTED
HOUSE, AND GOAS
THIS DEVIL!

AND IN THE HIDE-OUT OF THE CRAB -

GEE, CRAB, WITH 5,000,000 BUCKS WE'LL BE ON EASY STREET!

YES, WE WOULD!

BUT YOU DON'T THINK THEY'RE GOING TO HAND OVER THAT AMOUNT SO EASILY, DO YOU?

YOU MEAN - WE AIN'T GONNA GET IT?

NO WE WON'T GET IT, BUT IT WILL ENABLE US TO SHOW THEM WE MEAN BUSINESS -

AND AFTER THIS, OUR DEMANDS WILL BE MET!

GEE, AN' I HAD MY SHARE ALMOST SPENT!

DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL GET IT - IS EVERYTHING READY?

YES!

GOOD - AT FIVE MINUTES AFTER MIDNIGHT, CARRY OUT MY INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE DESERTED HOUSE ---

WITH DRAWN GUNS, THE POLICE WAIT IN SILENCE FOR THE APPROACH OF THE CRAB ---

TAKE YOUR PLACES, MEN, AND THE MINUTE THIS BIRD SHOWS HIS FACE, GRAB HIM!

REMEMBER, BOYS, LET THE CRAB GO IN - BUT IF HE SHOULD COME OUT - DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

I'LL GO OUTSIDE, JONES, AND PLACE THE REST OF THE MEN AND BE RIGHT BACK!

OKAY, CAPTAIN

NOW TO GO INSIDE WITH THE BOYS AND WAIT!

AS CAPTAIN KANE HEARS
THE HOUSE---



A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SPLITS
THE AIR---



THE HOUSE - BLOWN
TO BITS --- AND MY
MEN - THEY DIDN'T HAVE
A CHANCE ---



CAPTAIN-
THE
MEN---



ALL
DEAD!

THE
CRAB-
HE
DID
IT!

YES, AND I'LL GET
THAT FIEND IF
IT TAKES THE
REST OF MY
LIFE!



CAPTAIN-
LOOK!!

A PLANE-
CIRCLING
THE
RUINS---



HE'S STARTING
TO SKYWRITE!



IT'S A
MESSAGE FOR
YOU!

YES!



YOU KNOW BY NOW I'M
NOT FOOLING - MY DEMAND
STILL GOES - AWAIT FURTHER
INSTRUCTIONS ---
THE CRAB

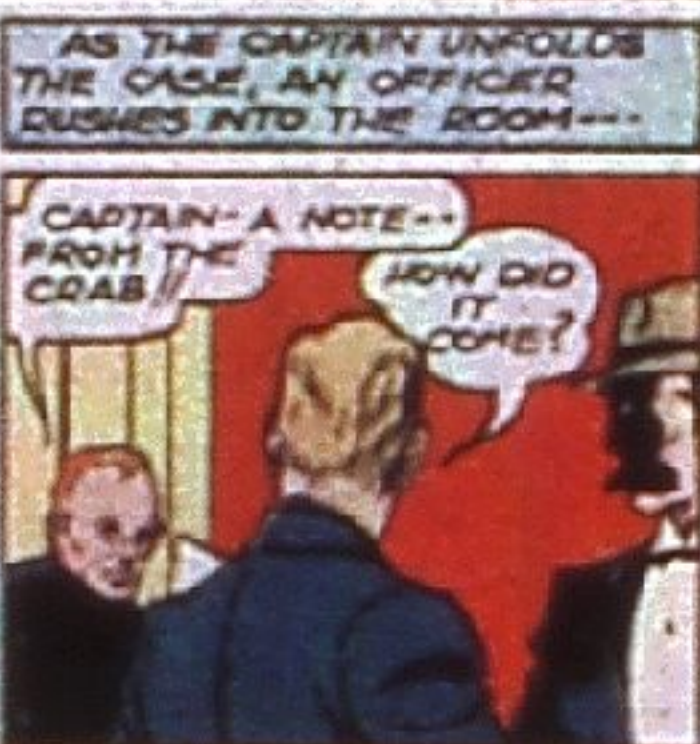
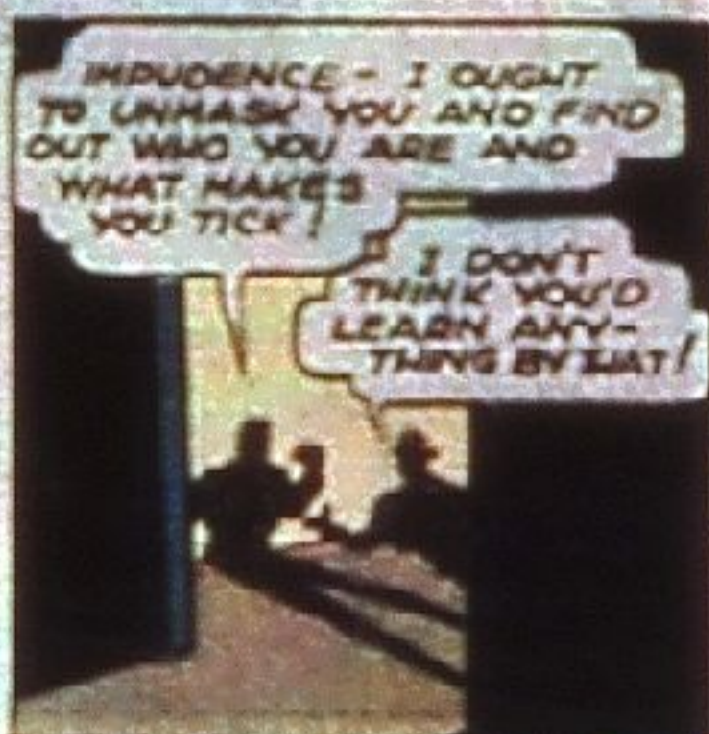
TWO DAYS PASS - AND STILL
NO WORD FROM THE CRAB -



SO FAR MY MEN HAVE BEEN
UNSUCCESSFUL -- I'VE GOT
IT! - THE CLOCK!!
DOLAN. COME
HERE!!



AND TWENTY MINUTES LATER -



Captain Kane:
Leave the original
demand at the end of
the old pier #13-and
do I need to say-
no tricks?
The Crab

WHAT DOES IT SAY?
WE WANT THE SAME AMOUNT LEFT AT PIER 13!

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?
NONE YET-EXCEPT I'LL LEAVE THE WAY I CAME!

POST-BOSS!! OVER HERE!
DUG!!

THE CRAB HAS MADE HIS DEMANDS, DUG!
YES, I KNOW-

YOU KNOW??
YES, COME OVER HERE!

WELL-- WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
IT'S LIKE THIS-

WHEN I WAS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW I SAW THIS MUG ACTING SUSPICIOUSLY-- SUDDENLY HE RAN INSIDE AND BEFORE YOU COULD BAT AN EYE, HE WAS OUT AND I GRABBED HIM--

GOOD WORK-- WE'LL QUIZ HIM WHEN HE COMES TO!
NO NEED TO-- I DID THAT--

WE CAN SURPRISE THIS MOB RIGHT IN THEIR OWN BACK YARD-- I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE WAY THERE!
LET'S GO!

-AND THE CRAB AND HIS GANG HIDE OUT AT 25 DROOP STREET--

SLOW UP, THIS IS DROOP STREET, AND 25 IS UP TWO BLOCKS!

AS THE CRAB GANG PREPARES TO LEAVE THEIR HIDE-OUT, AN UNNOTICED SHADOW GROWS LARGER ON THE FLOOR--



AND SUDDENLY TWO FIGURES DODGE THROUGH THE SUNLIGHT--



TH'-THE CLOCK!-
KILL HIM!!!



BETTER LUGS THAN YOU
HAVE TRIED THAT--
AND FAILED!



CRAB'S A GOOD HOST
BOSS - HE THROWS LIVELY
PARTIES!



AND THIS IS ONLY
PART OF WHAT YOU'LL
GET FOR KILLING
THOSE POLICEMEN!



MEANWHILE BACK IN
HEADQUARTERS ---

BOYS, WE'RE GOING
TO PIER 13, IN CASE THE
CLOCK NEEDS HELP!

LET'S
GO!



FUNNY I DON'T
SEE ANYONE -- KEEP
OUT OF SIGHT, BOYS-- THEY'LL
BE ALONG ANY
MINUTE!

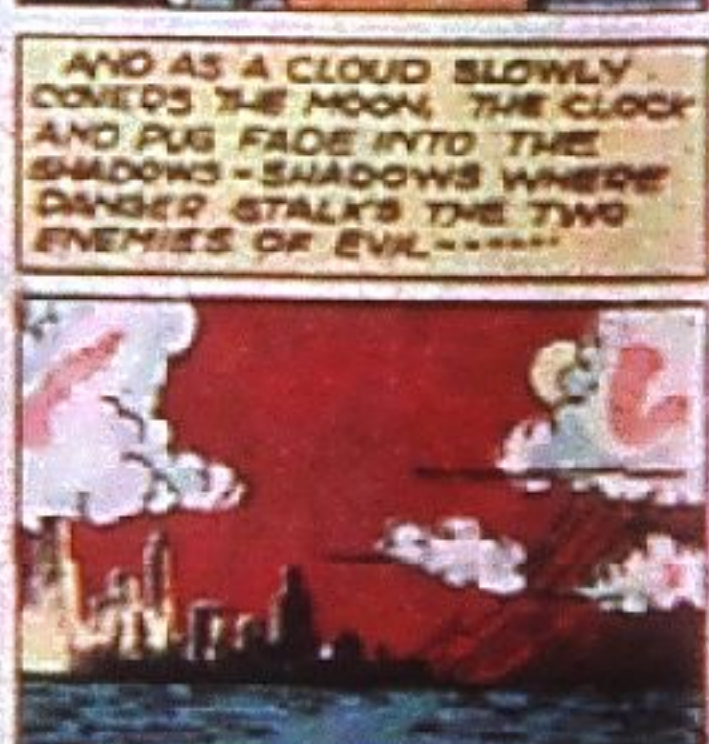
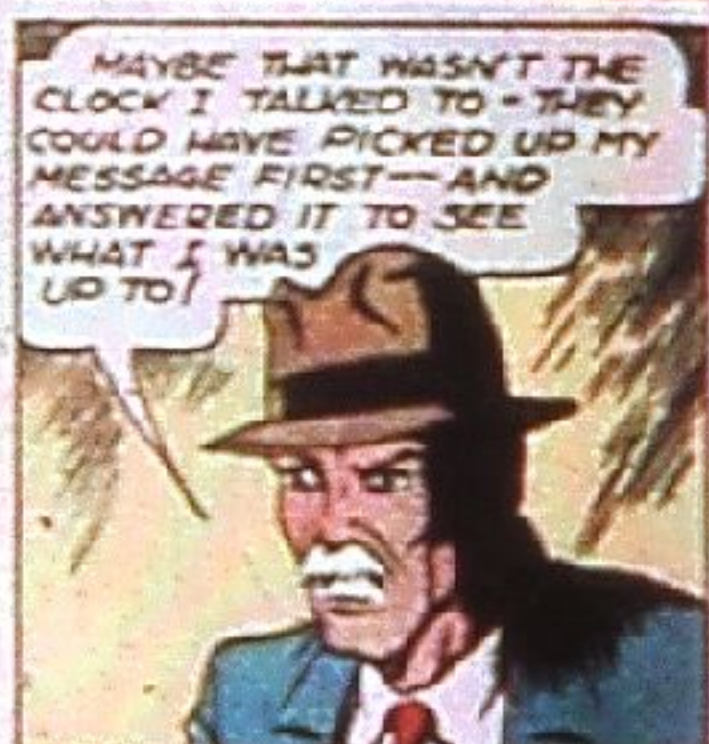


AND BACK IN THE CRAB'S HIDE-
OUT, THE BATTLE STILL RAGES--



ONE OF THE CROOKS SLOWLY
GETS TO HIS FEET---





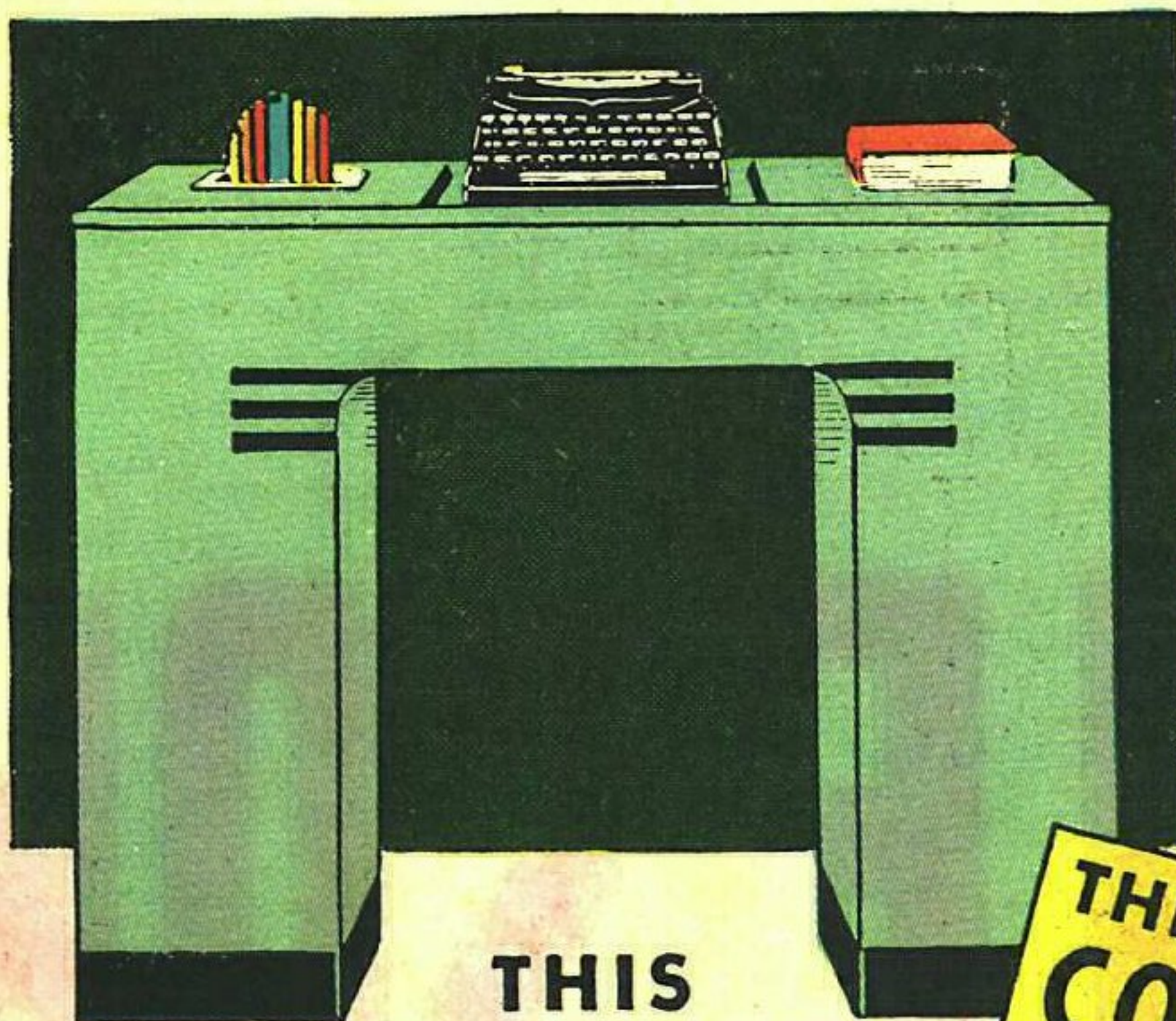
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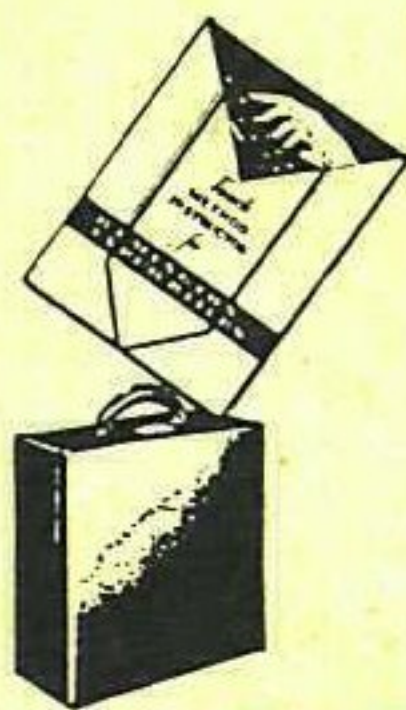
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